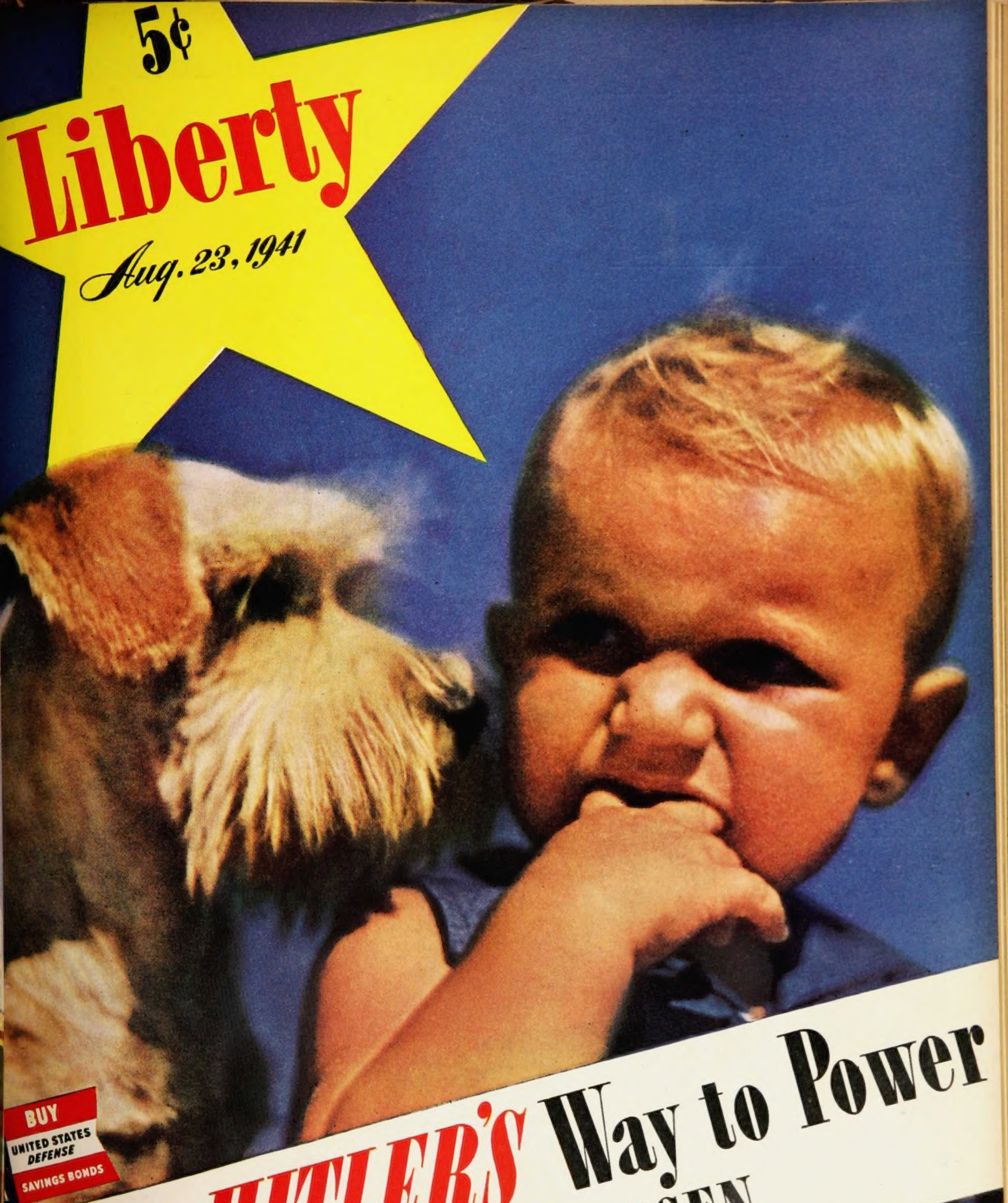
5¢

Liberty

Aug. 23, 1941



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I Paid HITLER'S Way to Power

BY FRITZ THYSSEN

The Story of a Political Blunder

DOUBLE "KICK" is what we're talking about. *First,* the big "kick" in Mobilgas itself—flashing pickup and power.

Second, the genuine "kick" *you* get driving a car powered by America's favorite gasoline.

The 1000 motorists a minute who stop at the Red Horse Sign prove that *for all-around performance, Mobilgas is unsurpassed at regular price.*

Enjoy the kind of driving this great modern fuel delivers. Stop for Mobilgas—today!

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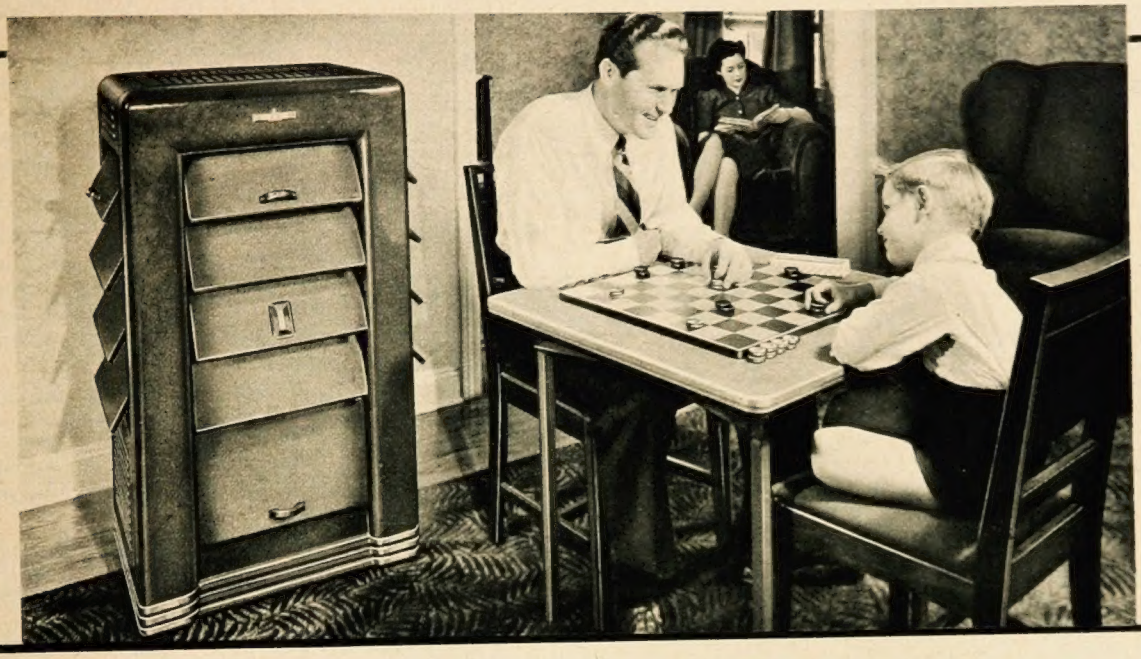
SOCONY-VACUUM

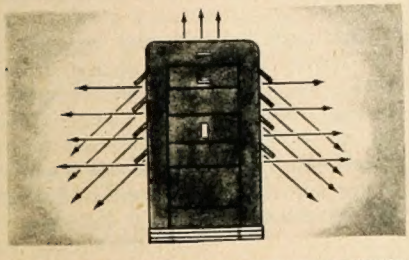
"He's got More Kick than Your Old Man!"

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, Inc. *and Affiliates:* Magnolia Petroleum Co., General Petroleum Corporation of California

You Can Enjoy MODERN COMFORT IN YOUR STOVE-HEATED HOME!

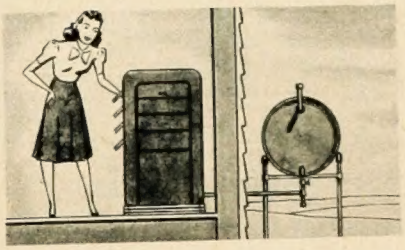


Only SUPERFEX Oil Heaters give you modern triple-action heat, end old-fashioned ashes and drudgery!



PATENTED SHUTTERS DIRECT RADIANT HEAT!

Superfex shutters *direct* cozy, sun-like radiant heat out and downward, warming the floor . . . In addition, the Superfex circulates warm air throughout the rooms. No other heater gives you the triple comfort advantages of radiant, circulated, and directed heat!



NO MORE ASHES, DIRT OR "COLD MORNINGS!"

If you wish you can get Superfex Heaters that operate automatically . . . just set the thermostat at the desired temperature—and Superfex does the rest. No waiting for heat on cold mornings—no raking or shaking a fire . . . Fuel is stored *outside*, piped in . . no handling it!

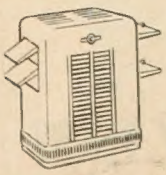
AND IT COSTS SO LITTLE!

You can enjoy this modern heating comfort for *so little* money! Superfex and Ivanhoe Heaters are *not* expensive—burning even cheap, high-heat No. 2 fuel oil! Easy terms, too, with just a little down. So send the coupon *today*—and really *live* next winter!

The Mark of Quality

SUPERFEX and IVANHOE OIL HEATERS

Products of
PERFECTION STOVE COMPANY



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—Superfex and Ivanhoe models for every need, every budget. 3-speed blowers available on most models, where heating additional rooms is a difficult problem.

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Please send me the new, illustrated booklets describing the many models of Superfex and Ivanhoe Oil Heaters.

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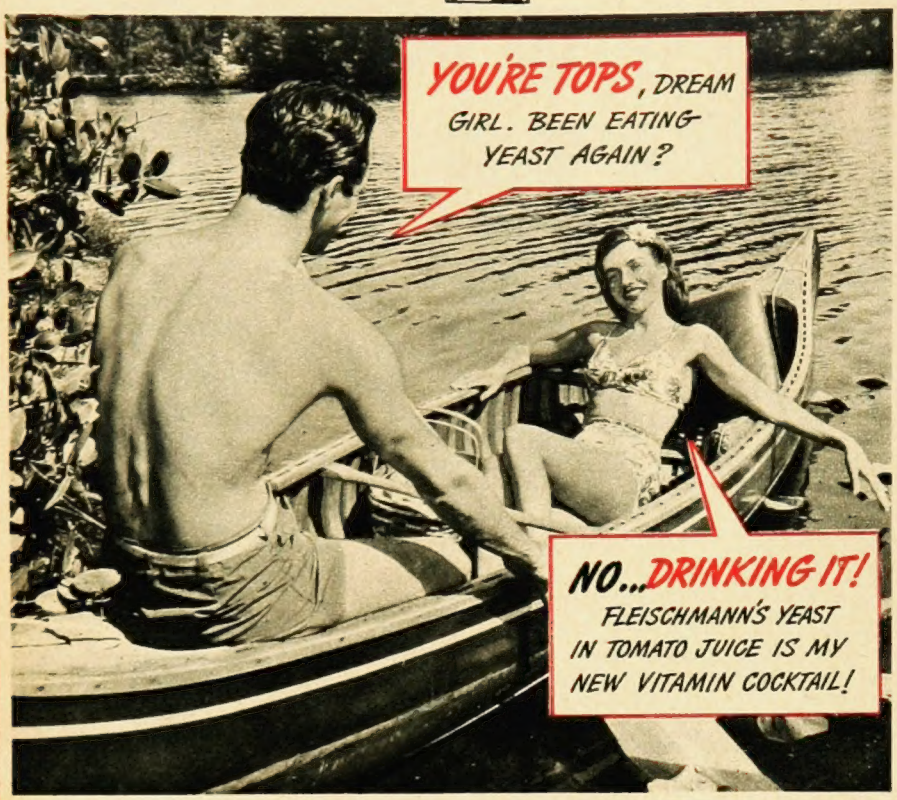
You'll like yeast this new way


YOU'RE TOPS, DREAM GIRL. BEEN EATING YEAST AGAIN?
NO...DRINKING IT! FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IN TOMATO JUICE IS MY NEW VITAMIN COCKTAIL!

PETE: Lady, you're sure up to the minute! I just read a headline that said "YEAST IS ONE OF THE RICHEST NATURAL SOURCES OF THE AMAZING VITAMIN B COMPLEX."

MARIE: Pooh! Everybody knows that. Here's something even better . . . Yeast and raw liver are about the only really abundant, *natural* sources of the marvelous Vitamin B Complex . . . a group of the very vitamins that lots of us don't get enough of, and all of us need.

PETE: Maybe I don't get enough of them either. Could be. I remember when I was eating yeast I felt absolutely tops. But I quit . . . didn't like the taste.

MARIE: Well, here's a taste you'll go for. My vitamin cocktail tastes like oven-fresh bread. Get these vitamins this *natural* way. Twice a day, and stick with it right along to get the full benefits of yeast. Maybe even a big, brave, handsome man like you could be improved a little.

MASH . . . Take a cold cake of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast and mash it in a dry glass with a fork.

STIR . . . Add a little cold tomato juice, milk or water. Stir till blended. Then fill glass. Stir again and . . .

DRINK your yeast this delicious, easy way. It's quick, too . . . whole business takes less than a minute!

FLEISCHMANN'S *FRESH* YEAST

Ladies: If you bake at home use this same FLEISCHMANN'S FRESH YEAST . . . the household favorite of four generations.

GENERAL BULLARD'S WARNING CALLS FOR ACTION

PEBBLE BEACH, CALIF.—General Bullard's article (July 12 Liberty) entitled Why Our High Army Officers Are Unfit was most timely.

The daily press is filled with accounts of how a high ranking general officer imposed severe and unusual punishment on an entire battalion because one or two men committed a minor breach of good conduct.

What would this officer do if he had to deal with a situation requiring a prompt decision that was in the nature of an emergency? The minor incident demonstrated his utter unfitness for command. His interpretation of authority is to abuse it.

A high command is not a safe place for a bully or a martinet—utilizing a trivial incident as an excuse to vent his spleen and to exert an authority far in excess of what the situation really called for.

If we are to have a system of elimination in the military, I think by popular consent this general officer would be the first to get the ax.

His usefulness as a general officer is finished—his advancement to that grade was a mistake.—*J. J. Emerson.*

SAN FERNANDO, CALIF.—General Bullard's article telling the world how little our army knows of war has popped the cap off of me.

He says in closing, "Let us pray!" Yes, let us.

We truly are facing a crisis, and our armed forces are in so many instances dominated by long-haired old fogies that, unless a few are allowed to act and show by actual example that youth and new ideas must be used, we are wasting our time, youth, and resources in this present preparedness parade.—*A Veteran.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—If I were the editor of Liberty, I'd add an editor's note quoting General Bullard's article and say:

"Yes, brethren, let us pray—and pray like hell."—*John F. Daniell, Brig. General, Rtd., New York, Formerly A. E. F.*

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POP

GENERAL LEAR AND ARMY EFFICIENCY

INTERNATIONAL FALLS, MINN.—What was General Lear doing on the golf links at Memphis? It would seem to an ordinary citizen who pays the freight that he should have plenty to do attending to the many details incident to the important post he holds.

When femininity disports itself in public places with scarcely enough clothes to flag a hand car, with their charms displayed to an extent that very little is left for imagination, why shouldn't men take notice?

The writer was present in October, 1918, when the 35th Division of that period was needlessly slaughtered in the Argonne.

There was a controversy in the press, after the war, in which incompetency was attributed to the commanding general of that division. According to news reports at that time, he had never commanded a full regiment in maneuvers prior to assuming command of the division.

Heaven help our present army if they ever go into actual combat with some of their present commanding officers!—*M. E. Withrow, M. D.*

Liberty and General Bullard have received scores of letters commenting upon General Bullard's article Why Our High Army Officers Are Unfit. It is to be noted that since General Bullard wrote his article General Marshall, Chief of Staff, informed Congress of the need for reorganization in high commands, and orders already have been issued for assignment of younger officers to these important posts.

Due to limitation of space, Liberty cannot publish all the letters, and thanks its readers for their interest.

Many of the letters came from high ranking officers who, under the circumstances, requested their names be not published.

Following are extracts:

"Your article in Liberty is timely and wise. No one knows better than you the value of training and leadership. I heartily endorse your advocacy of stressing the development of battle and campaign efficiency of the higher units and of displacing those commanders who are unable to meet the demands of war."—*From a Major General, Rtd.*

"It is my personal, private opinion that 'you really have something there' in your logical presentation."—*From a Staff Officer.*

"I find myself in full concurrence with your opinions."—*From an Officer who had command of the training of a division in the first World War.*

"Your points are very well taken. They are direct and frank and the criti-

For best performance with greatest economy

be sure your spark plugs are

CHAMPIONS!

The "Sillment seal, outstanding among Champion's many patented features, eliminates troublesome leakage *common to ordinary spark plugs.* Leaky spark plugs overheat, causing preignition and rough, unresponsive engine operation. Insist on Champions—the spark plugs champions use.

The broad smooth ribbons of concrete which criss-cross America and the latest super-highways are an invitation to swift travel by motor car. But they are also a severe and sometimes costly test of its condition.

Sustained high speeds cause gas and oil consumption to go up by leaps and bounds. High operating temperatures oftentimes cause preignition—that sudden, annoying loss of power with rough, uneven engine operation which shows that your spark plugs either haven't the proper heat range or have been thrown out of it by compression leakage through the spark plugs.

Champion's patented Sillment seal holds each spark plug rigidly within its assigned heat range, thus giving Champions the widest possible operating range. Insist on Champions for best performance, with greatest economy.

You're always ahead with Champion!

SPARK PLUGS

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Williamson

Professor: Look here, you two, why didn't you attend my lecture? A fascinating subject: "The function of vitamin B_1 in the optimum dietary."

Dolly: But professor! We *know* our vitamins and all about "pep appeal"! Come join us for lunch and see!

Professor: What do you mean, *pep appeal?* It sounds like utter nonsense to me.

Sue: Why professor, you've said yourself we couldn't have pep without vitamins. You know, *pep, oomph, zip-zip, whiz!*

Dolly: There, professor, you have vitamins de luxe. In crisp, toasted curly flakes of wheat —that scrumptious cereal called KELLOGG'S PEP. Rich in the two vitamins that are least abundant and thus most needed in ordinary diets—vitamins B_1 and D.

Professor: But what a taste! What a flavor! And to think that all the textbooks in the library hadn't told me about KELLOGG'S PEP.

Professor: (sometime later) Well, I'll see tonight how your *pep appeal* idea works.

Dolly: You know what the philosopher said, professor: "Where there's pep there's hope!"

Vitamins for pep! *Kellogg's Pep* for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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cisms are true."—*From a Lieutenant Colonel.*

"I remember twelve to fifteen major generals that got into the World War in France and couldn't hold out."—*From a Staff Officer and Division Commander after the first World War.*

"I think your article is sound in every regard."—*From a Brigadier General in the first World War.*

WHAT IS FAIRNESS?

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Who is organized labor? Earl Dutro, manager of a downtown restaurant, has reason to shrug his shoulders.

Congress of Industrial Organizations pickets marched in front of his restaurant carrying signs: "This place unfair to organized labor."

Behind them trailed American Federation pickets with signs reading: "This place is fair to organized labor."—*F. E. D.*

GIRL MEETS GIRL

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In last week's copy of Liberty I ran across an article written by Miss Bubbles Schinasi, and want to say that I enjoyed reading every word of it.

I shall look forward to reading all future articles written by Miss Schinasi. —*Helen Weinstock.*

WARREN, OHIO—You slipped considerably when you added Bubbles Schinasi's Girl Meets Girl page. This type of material is in many daily newspapers and a number of magazines, and in most cases much better written.

The majority of women know about the advertised products she boosts, and surely the men are not much interested. —*Mrs. A. H. Kendall.*

STRASSER'S ESCAPE

EL PASO, TEX.—I have read the articles you published by Dr. Otto Strasser. I read that when the Germans got to Paris they found him in a prison and the article implied that that would be the end of him.

How did he get to this country?—*R. A. D. Morton.*

Otto Strasser left Nazi Germany after Gestapo Chief Himmler announced a price of $500,000 for his head. There were four attempts to kill him.

After the outbreak of the war the French police interned all aliens in France, but Strasser went free.

When the armistice between Hitler and Pétain was concluded, Strasser's name headed the list of the wanted anti-Nazis in France. He escaped to Portugal, where the Gestapo caught up with him and requested Portugal to send him back to Germany.

The British rescued Strasser by bringing him to Bermuda, and then to Canada, where he now works as the leader of the Free Germany movement.—VOX POP ED.

BEVERLY HILLS' *Movie Guide*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ TOM, DICK AND HARRY

I don't know how it is with you folks who go to the movies, but your Beverly Hills can take fantasy or let it alone. Celluloid whimsey, I regret to report, can arouse the worst in your film commentator.

Here, however, is a story that skates in and out of fantasy but doesn't make you wince. It is almost continuously amusing. Janie (alias Ginger Rogers) is a telephone girl who can't say no. She promises at one and the same time to marry three young men, has odd fantastic dreams about what matrimony would mean with each of 'em—and then has to select one of the swains as her life's partner. Obviously two are wrong numbers. One of the young men is an ambitious go-getter automobile salesman, another is a what-the-hades garage mechanic who doesn't give a hang about anything, the third is an amiable rich boy. Which one wins? I shan't tell you. Director Garson Kanin himself wasn't sure, for he shot the comedy with three different endings. Then they took it out and tried it on preview audiences. The impulsive heroine has one test to find out the man she really loves. With which, when you kiss, do you hear chimes? A swell way—but your Beverly Hills has been short on chimes all his life.

Tom, Dick and Harry is consistently funny because of Ginger's spontaneous, infectious performance as the romantic hello girl suffering from an overdose of imagination. Also because of Kanin's ingenious direction. The three swains are excellent, particularly Burgess Meredith as the slap-happy mechanic. And there's a neat bit, of Ginger's little brat sister, done by Lenore Lonergan.

(RKO Radio.)

★ ★ ★ MY LIFE WITH CAROLINE

If it weren't for Ronald Colman's suave, ingratiating performance of a rich publisher who understands women, your Beverly Hills doubts exceedingly that he would allot three stars to this very much adapted French farce. The plot of a long-distance marriage in the modern manner is a little too labored, the dialogue a little too hefty.

Anthony Mason (he's Colman) hur-

(Continued on page 45)

TOO BAD FOR DAVEY...

he had the double O

THE girl he had always been crazy about, marrying someone else! Once, years ago, before Charlie came along, Davey might have had a chance. Edith really liked him but, fastidious girl that she was, she simply couldn't put up with the "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth and Offensive breath).

What a chump a man is to take chances when there's a delightful double precaution against frequent causes of "Double O."

For dull, offensive-looking teeth—the new Listerine Tooth Paste, especially created to go after ugly surface stains. Special polishing agents help bring out the natural flash and brilliance of the enamel.

You simply have no idea how much better this new paste makes your teeth look . . . how it enhances your smile!

And for the breath—Listerine Antiseptic, of course. It halts food fermentation in the mouth, a frequent cause of halitosis.

If you want to put your best foot forward, use Listerine Tooth Paste and Listerine Antiseptic, night and morning. It's the ideal pair for oral care—the double precaution against the "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth and Offensive breath).

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

the double precaution against double O *Offensive Breath Offensive looking Teeth*

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

and LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

FOR THE BEST OF CARE

Bring your Ford "back home!"

We Americans have learned to drive our cars far better than we have learned to care for them. The cars are built so well—will withstand so much abuse and neglect—that we have grown a little spoiled about the real importance of good service, and how to get it best and most economically.

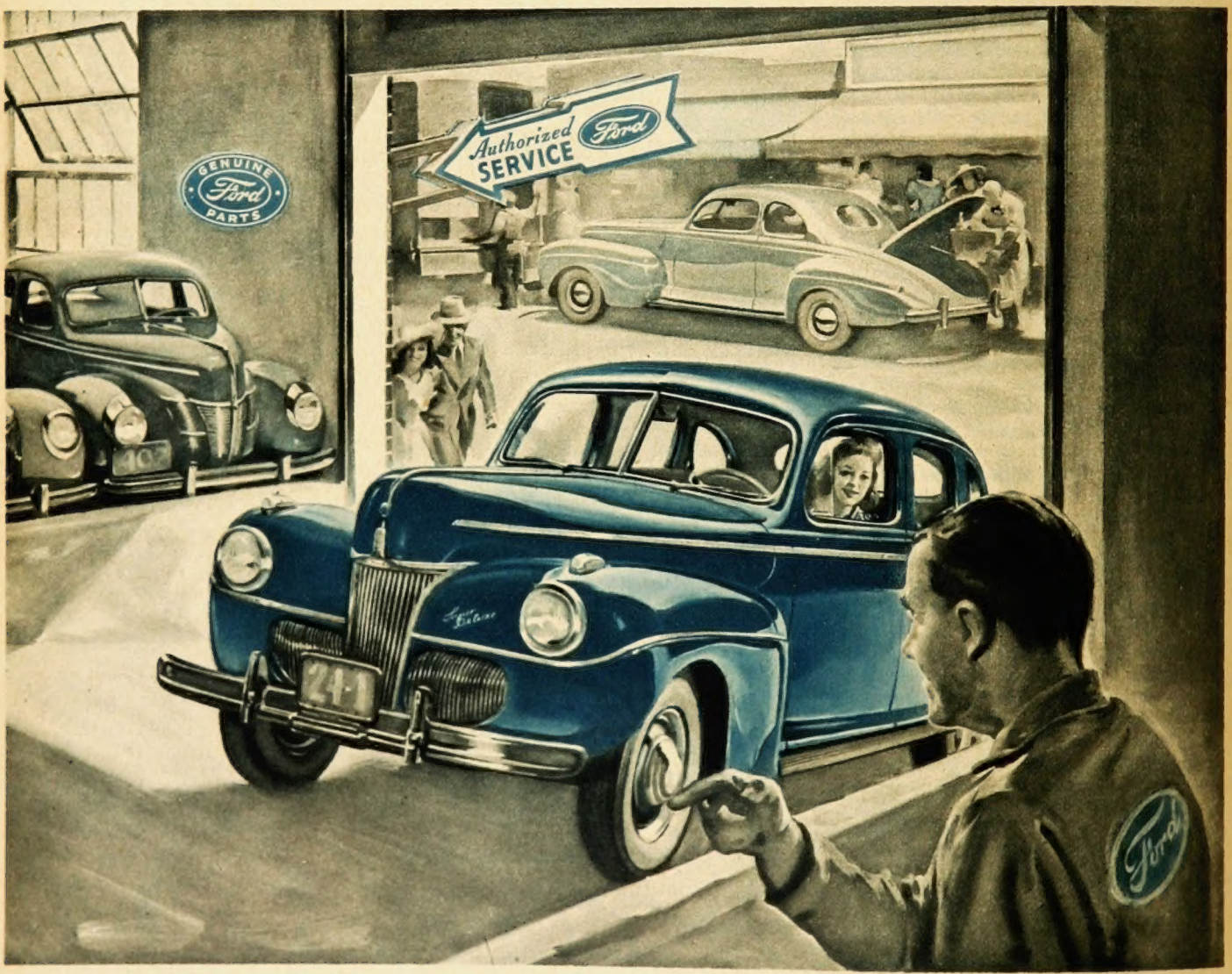
We mention this because our own Ford cars especially have always been built so well to "take it" . . . and because Ford owners have good and inexpensive service open to them the whole country over.

To any car owner who is interested right now in the best possible service investment in his car, and to Ford owners above all, we make these sensible and timely suggestions.

First, bring your car "back home" for any work it needs. Your Ford dealer knows your Ford best. His men are trained specialists in your car's special mechanical nature. They work with Ford parts, and with the proper tools to do the job both right and quickly, without lost motion or excessive labor costs to you. And also, in a Ford dealer's shop your car becomes something more than just a "job"—he wants your future business as a new car buyer, and he knows that good service is one of his best ways to win it.

Second, see that your car comes in for service soon enough and regularly. Proper care and adjustments at the right time—instead of repairs made too late through needless neglect—will save your money, save your car, and provide you with better and safer transportation in the bargain.

Now, more than ever, a good car deserves good care—and the best place to get it is "back home!"



Your Ford Dealer knows your Ford best...

Ask him for the low prices on Genuine Ford Replacement and Exchange Parts!

O. J. ELDER PUBLISHER • FULTON OURSLER EDITOR IN CHIEF • WALTER LLOYD ART EDITOR

Liberty

AUGUST 23, 1941 VOL. 18, NO. 34

TO THE LADIES—A WORD OF WARNING

☆ THE recent attempt to force the filing of joint income-tax returns by husbands and wives was more than a mere effort to collect additional revenue—it was, whether consciously so intended or not, a threat to all the gains made by women in the last seventy-five years.

Moreover, it will not be the last attempt to take away some of those gains! If the American woman wants to protect the social, economic, and political rights she has won, then from now on and for the duration of the emergency she will have to watch her step.

In Germany, when the National Socialist State was being set up, the cry was "Küchen, Kinder, und Kirche"—cooking, children, and church, the natural boundaries of women's interest defined. We don't want that to happen here. Yet it is easy to forget how recent are many of the gains women have made for themselves.

How long is it since women could not vote in the United States? Less than a quarter of a century. It is a surprisingly short time since they could not hold public office or even own property. It is only yesterday that we began to admit women into the society of freeborn and intelligent people.

That women could have done a great deal more than they have with the rights which they won is beyond argument. Their promises to cleanse municipal politics and to purify the electorate remain to be kept. Unless the women are careful they may lose all chance of ever redeeming those promises.

Does this mean there is a deep-dyed plot a-hatching to deprive women of their natural rights? Nothing of the sort. There is no such plot in any man's mind. What *is* true is that we are in a time of national emergency, so proclaimed by the President, and before long the Congress will probably issue its own proclamation. Under the powers of emergency men are always attempting to take the most vigorous steps, those promising the quickest results; in such circumstances the relegation of women to their former place as servants and breeders and decorative ornaments seems to reappear inevitably.

As time goes on the truth of these statements will be visible to every one. Women will be told where their places are—and those places will not be side by side with the men in that democratic equality with which America startled the world.

That democratic equality is one of America's proudest achievements. However much one may deplore the effect Fannie Perkins has produced, we can still remember with satisfaction that it was President Roosevelt who appointed the first woman cabinet officer and the first woman ambassador and that he has consistently recognized governing talent among women. He came to that easily, being the husband of Eleanor Roosevelt.

Not from the White House, therefore, will come the dangers to the new life of American women. But from other sources in bureaucracy these dangers will surely come. They breed somehow with centralized power, of which we are getting more every day. They grow strong under dictatorial government—dictatorship and degradation of women seem to go together.

Women of America, Liberty advises you to protect your gains. Don't be forced back by so much as one false step. For your liberty, fraternity, and equality are a basic, fundamental, and indispensable part of the American way of life.

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portrait of Fritz Thyssen
ainted for Liberty by
Leon Gordon

Liberty presents herewith the first of a momentous series of articles in which the great industrialist who was Hitler's financial backer breaks his silence for the first time. The series includes revelations regarding Hitler's start, what he did to the Catholics and Jews, and many other matters hitherto only partly known. Thyssen tells of his break with Hitler, arraigns his regime as a rebirth of the barbaric ages, predicts that he will lose the war, and offers a remarkable plan for a peaceful Germany when it is over.

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

PART ONE—MY ESCAPE FROM GERMANY

☆ ON August 15, 1939, I arrived with my wife at Bad Gastein for a rest from a particularly worrying and strenuous year.

It has been said that I went to Gastein to prepare for my flight. This is absolutely untrue, for early in August I had visited the Zurich exhibition. I could have remained in Switzerland at that moment. But I did not believe that it would come to war. The generals were against it, and I had been

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BY FRITZ THYSSEN

I Paid Hitler's Way to Power

THE STORY of a Political Blunder

told of statements made by one of Göring's intimate friends, Gauleiter Terboven of Essen, from which it appeared that all this was merely a diplomatic game and that no one in office dreamed of embarking upon an armed venture. At the beginning of August Göring was opposed to war; his change of idea dated from the eleventh hour. I was therefore quite reassured when I left for Gastein.

On August 23 I received the surprising news of Hitler's pact with Stalin. Negotiations had been proceeding for a long time, but I had never imagined that they would go so far. Without this agreement with Russia, Hitler could never have embarked upon the Polish campaign. He had been definitely warned by the French and British ambassadors that their countries would not tolerate an aggression against Poland. Our ambassador in Paris, Count Welczek, had on several occasions solemnly informed his government that if Germany attacked Poland, this would be the signal for a general outbreak of war.

The situation, moreover, was perfectly clear. Neither France nor Great Britain could accept a second Munich. How was it that Hitler and Ribbentrop did not realize this fact? On March 13, 1939, Hitler had invaded Czechoslovakia, a territory which he had promised to respect. To break his solemn word in such conditions, to insult two great nations, might perhaps appear to the Nazis as a stroke of genius on the part of the greatest politician the world has ever known (for this is the light in which Hitler sees himself). To myself and to many other Germans, it was sheer madness and a bound forward on the road to catastrophe. But I still did not believe that it would come to war.

In the evening of August 31, I received a telegram from the Gauleiter of Essen, instructing me to travel to Berlin to attend a Reichstag meeting fixed for the next morning at the Kroll Opera. To get to Berlin in that time I should have had to travel by car and by night in order to catch the first morning plane from Munich, which might perhaps have enabled me to arrive just for the end of the meeting; and my health could not cope with such exertions. If I could have been in Berlin in time, I should certainly have protested publicly against the war. I decided, therefore, to apologize for being unable to attend the meeting, while expressing clearly my opinion. About nine o'clock in the evening, I addressed to Göring, as President of the Reichstag, this urgent telegram:

> Received from the Essen Provincial Administration [Gauleitung] invitation to be ready to fly to Berlin. Unable to act on this suggestion owing to unsatisfactory state of health. In my opinion it would be possible to agree upon a kind of truce in order to gain time for negotiations. I am against war. A war will make Germany dependent on Russia for raw materials and Germany will thus forego her position as a world power.
>
> [signed] THYSSEN.

My son-in-law, Count Zichy, with my daughter Anita and my grandson, two and a half years old, had come to stay a week with us. Their visit was entirely unforeseen. The next morning my son-in-law proposed to listen in to the so-called "historical meeting" which I should have attended. I refused quite definitely to hear the reasons by which Hitler would seek to justify his madness.

The afternoon before, I had received a telegram from my sister announcing that her son-in-law and my nephew, von Remnitz, had just died at the Dachau concentration camp. Before the Anschluss, Remnitz had been the chief of the Austrian Legitimists in the Province of Salzburg. After the annexation of Austria, the Salzburg Nazis had tried to blackmail him. "Pay a contribution to the party," they had said, "and you will not have to support the consequences of your Legitimist activity." My nephew had refused. The next day he had been arrested and taken to Dachau. I had tried to intervene at Vienna through Gauleiter Buerckel, commissioner of the Reich for Austria. Buerckel had not even troubled to answer. I was deeply affected by the news of my nephew's death. It was a tangible proof of the criminal illegality which prevailed in Germany and against which I had several times protested.

I was meditating on all this while my son-in-law was listening to Hitler over the wireless. Some minutes later he came in, quite overwhelmed:

"Hitler announces that the German army has entered Poland. This means war. And Hitler also says: 'He who is not for me is a traitor and will be treated as such.'"

This was the reply to my telegram. What it meant was clearly shown by the miserable end of my nephew at Dachau. There was no question of my remaining in Germany without risking my life and the lives of those dear to me. In agreement with my wife and my son-in-law, I decided that we should leave the country. Providence had willed that we should all be together at this critical moment, for I should never have gone if I had had to abandon my children as hostages to the Gestapo.

We started on September 2 at seven o'clock in the morning, without luggage, as if we were making an excursion. One of the usual drives around Gastein is to take the new Alpine road to cross the Glockner into Italy, and to return by the Brenner. On leaving Gastein, a landslide barred the way. After three hours, there was just enough room for us to pass. At the frontier, the chauffeur, ignorant of our plans, presented my papers with my member's card, saying that we were making the usual excursion. I did not get out of my car. The frontier police allowed us to pass, saying that we must be back in German territory within three hours. On arriving at the turning which leads to the Brenner, we took to the left instead of the right and drove on toward Italy and Switzerland. We stopped at the first Swiss

(Continued on page 51)

He didn't think. Or talk
He didn't have to. His arms
went out and enclosed her.

Laughs! A hilarious tale of trouble, a rash young man, and what happened when a Hollywood beauty kissed him reeling

That Heel of a Seal

BY FRANK COCKRELL

READING TIME • 30 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

☆ ABOUT 1 A. M. a slender fellow named Joe Murphy, with a kind of pointed face and bright black eyes, came into the bar of the Hotel Crawford and leaned his elbows between a couple of young men in dinner clothes.

He said, weren't they Benton University students, and they said they were, and he said his name was Joe Murphy. They said their names were Newt Rankin and Gilbert Fletcher. Rankin was the oval-shaped one who made his clothes look so full and solid and was quite a footballer autumns; Fletcher was the tall, angular one, and something of an intellectual, though never offensive about it.

Murphy said since they were Benton students he would buy a drink.

Fletcher said, "That sounds like a weak incentive, but we quickly do accept."

Murphy said: "Oh, no. You see, I'm publicity man for Janet Wallace. You know about the Mousetrap stuff, of course?"

They knew. "The incentive gets weaker," Fletcher said.

The Mousetrap was a Benton student monthly, humorous, which had beat a path from its door to a fairly national reputation. Janet Wallace was a young lady of the cinema, built precisely to bathing-suit designers' specifications and christened by studio publicity as the M-munnnh! girl. In the Mousetrap's annual list of awards, published three weeks ago, Miss Wallace had come off with not one but three: Actress with the Least M-munnnh! Actress with the Least Animation; Actress with the Least Acting. The press of the country, encouraged by a few remarks from Miss Wallace and recalling the Harvard Lampoon-Ann Sheridan incident, gave the situation a good deal of publicity.

"What kind of guys are the fellows that run the Mousetrap, anyhow?" Murphy asked.

"They're a bunch of bing-headed dopes, if you ask me," Newt stated, "and it sounded like you just did," he added. He lifted his highball. "This sure goes good after all that champagne." They had just left a deb party.

"Yes," Gil confirmed. "A bit narrow and shortsighted, I would say. Why?"

"Yeah," Murphy said. "That's just what I thought. Do you know any of them?" he asked.

"Know 'em!" Gil said. He waved a hand. "Like a book, is all." He was secretary of the Board of Editors himself and in fact had written the award column in which Miss Wallace was so prominent. "Why?" he asked, setting his empty glass down with a suggestive clink.

"Let's have another," Murphy said immediately, summoning the bartender. "You see," he explained when they had their refills, "I have an idea for revenge on those guys. Of course," he added, "I won't mislead you. There'll be some publicity in it, too. But it ought to be fun and I thought you fellows might like to help."

"Why not?" Newt said. "What's your notion?"

"As you know," Murphy said, "Wallace is playing a personal appearance here. Well, there is a seal, name of Van Goonstruther for some reason, which is on the same bill. I thought," he explained, "that it would be a pretty fine night's work if we could steal that seal and put it in the bed or the bathroom or something of the editor or whatever they call him of the Mousetrap. You see what I mean: Resentful Students Slip Seal in Editor's Bed. Benton University Janet Wallace Club Takes Drastic Steps to Avenge Their Idol. Et cetera. You get the idea."

He was between them, and for a moment their glances met over his head. They turned back to their drinks.

"He wants to steal a seal," Gil said.

"That's what the man said," Newt confirmed. "He wants to steal a seal." He sang softly: "He wants to steal a seal, he wants to steal a seal; heigh-ho, the merry-oh, he wants to steal a seal."

"I never stole a sole," Gil came in. "I never stole a sole; heigh-ho, the merry—" He paused. "We wouldn't have any trouble, of course," he said. "There wouldn't be any difficulty?"

"Oh, no," Murphy said. "I happen to have a key to the theater, and Luke Vernon, who owns Van Goonstruther, has given me express permission to kidnap him—for fifty bucks."

"Thorough little chap, aren't you?" Gil said.

"Whose place would be good to put him in?" Murphy asked.

"Hardy Moore," Newt said. "He's president of the Board of Editors."

"Perfect!" Murphy said. "I guess we can get him out of his rooms for a while someway?"

"We don't have to worry about that at all," Gil said. "I happen to know he's out now and won't get home until much later. We've all the time we want."

He knew Moore was out, because he had been with them all evening and was at the moment only across the lobby near the entrance to the Venetian Room, where he was trying to see what he could cook up with a luscious blonde hat-check lassie he had happened to spy. He knew Moore would be late getting home because, hat-check girl yes or no, they were in Moore's car and the keys were in Newt Rankin's pocket.

"Then what are we waiting for?" Murphy asked, and answered quickly, "A drink, I guess," and they all had another.

"How did you ever happen to think of this?" Gil asked him respectfully.

"Nothing to it," Murphy assured him. "Have ideas like this all the time."

That was not strictly true. He had ideas like this only when drunk, though that was a considerable part of the time. The only way any one could ever tell he was crocked was by his eyes, which grew smaller and blacker and brighter. At the moment they were like tiny sparkling jet beads.

As the three of them passed through the lobby headed for a street door, a girl with a brown felt hat pulled down over some of the softest, nicest brown hair anywhere around caught sight of them and by running managed to catch up as they got to the street.

"Joe!" she called.

Murphy stopped.

"It's pretty late," she said. "You've got a big day tomorrow."

"Oh," he said, "that's all right. Sue. I've got a great idea. Gonna steal the seal and put it in the Mousetrap guy's bed. Revenge by Janet Wallace Club These fellows are gonna help. Pretty, huh?"

"Exquisite," she said. "Genius. Come on; why not turn in?"

"Are you mad?" Murphy asked. "Abandon the greatest idea of a brilliant career for a little sleep?"

The girl sighed. "All right, all right," she said wearily, and added sort of half to herself, "Life sure is full of things." Then she shrugged a trifle. "Well, let's get on with it, then. I guess I'd better come along."

"Sure," Murphy said. "Fine." The four of them walked on down the street. "Great kid," he said to Gil and Newt. "Wonderful kid, Sue."

Gil held the door open and she got into the back seat and he got in after her. Newt and Murphy sat in front.

"Hope you don't mind me coming along," she said.

"Delighted to have you," Gil assured her. "That's Newt Rankin driving and my name is Gilbert Fletcher."

"Yes," she said. "Isn't it?"

"Go by a fish market first," Murphy directed. "Down by the river, I guess, huh?"

Newt went by one. Then they drove to the Strand, and parked in an empty street by its side entrance and got out, and sure enough Murphy did have a key to the place, and the first thing they knew they were inside and backstage, groping around with matches until finally they were in a room with some smells and swishing noises, and when Murphy turned on the lights there was Van Goonstruther, curving back and forth in his small tank. He began to bark right away when he smelled the fish Murphy had brought.

Newt said to Gil, "Hey, he's really gonna do it; the guy is gonna steal a seal."

"I believe he is," Gil admitted. "Refreshing, isn't it?"

"What do you think of him, boys?" Murphy asked. "How do you like him?"

"I don't know," Gil said. "Hasn't he got a sort of furtive look?"

"Yeah," Newt said; "he's got a shifty eye."

"Oh, that's all right," Murphy said. "Seals are different." He waved a fish at Van Goonstruther and Van came right out of his tank. Murphy tossed it to him and backed away, waving another. Van followed briskly, barking now and then. When he barked too loudly, Murphy would give him a fish. Gil and Newt and Sue followed along behind, turning out the lights.

☆ SUE had on a wool skirt and soft wool sweater and short socks and saddle shoes and a light topcoat; she looked almost like most of the college girls Gil knew

"Are you having a good time?" he asked her politely

"Oh, simply wonderful," she said, but the sarcasm was mild.

She was a rather nice-looking kid and she had a nice calm voice.

"In general you don't care for this sort of thing?" Gil asked.

"Well, I've never done much of it," she said. "It isn't bad . . . a little smelly."

There was a spot of excitement at the door, due to a cop who was loitering on the block. But they couldn't keep Van Goonstruther in one place very long without his barking loudly, and he was getting pretty full of fish by now and wasn't as swayed by them as he had been; so they just had to risk it and hustle him across the sidewalk and into the car as quickly as they could.

The cop was looking their way, and a car came around the corner and its lights swung full on them, but the cop didn't say anything. He didn't even move. In fact, as they pulled away he was still just standing there staring at them with a fixed look. Gil looked back as they rounded the corner, and he had just begun to run after them, waving wildly.

☆ THEY were all in the front seat, Sue sitting on Gil's lap. She wasn't very heavy and she sat on his lap as platonically as anybody ever had. It was almost like not having a girl sitting on your lap.

They had about a seven-mile drive out to the university. She pulled a pack of cigarettes from her pocket and asked Gil if he would like one, and put it in his mouth and held a match for him and then for her own. She was quite pretty, the way the match lighted her face.

Of course the idea had been creeping up on him all the time, the dread notion had been simmering below the surface of his mind; but it was only right then that it pushed itself into his consciousness and Gil faced the fact that he was riding along with Janet Wallace, the Mmunnnh! girl, sitting on his lap.

Sitting on his lap!

"Hey," he said. "You're Janet Wallace!"

"I'm Sue Charles," she said. "This is after business hours."

"Hey, Newt," Gil said. "This is Janet Wallace. Staggering, isn't it?"

"Perfectly amazing," Newt admitted. "And she seems right nice, too."

"I know," Gil said. "Why the hell did they change your name from Sue Charles?" he asked. "Sue Charles is a swell name."

"Why did they call me the Mmunnnh! girl?" she countered.

"All right," Gil said. "Why did they?"

She shrugged. "How should I know? After a while you get fed up with asking for reasons and arguing."

"Ooo-oww!" Newt said. He said it loudly, and let go of the wheel and twisted in the seat, and the car veered to the curb, and he stopped it and leaped out.

Van Goonstruther—bored, or hurt by being left so out of things—had bitten him on the back of the neck and was now reaching for Gil.

Sue hopped off his lap and out just in time, and Joe Murphy was saved by the fact that he had slid so low in the seat that none of him stuck up in reach.

The car had one quite long door on each side through which it was easy to get into either the front or back seat. Or out. Van Goonstruther, having cleaned out the joint, now departed it, slithering out onto the sidewalk and off down the street.

"Hey," Newt kept saying, "that thing can *bite!*"

"We've got to get him," Sue said. "Come on! We can't let him get away."

She ran after him, and Gil ran with her. Newt brought the car.

Van Goonstruther achieved incredible speed.

It was a block and a half before they caught him. It was a suburban business block, and Van Goonstruther deployed himself in a store entrance and showed no signs of friendliness.

Sue and Gil stood a respectful distance in front of him, panting.

"Man," Gil said, "did you see him *go?* I certainly am learning a lot of things about seals tonight."

"Aren't we? I—I don't think I want to antagonize him."

"*Don't!*" Newt called. He had arrived with the car. "He bites something fierce. I'm not kidding. Let me get the car up on the walk."

It was all pretty confused. Newt got the car up in front of the store entrance, and then they put a fish in the back seat and tossed things past the ends of the car at Van Goonstruther until he was so annoyed he charged in the only direction he could—into the car.

However, they had neglected to close the door tightly on the other side in their excitement, and Van just charged right on through the car, picking up the fish on his way—and they had to do it all over again half a block on down the street.

They managed it even a second time, though, without attracting any attention, and once again were under way.

☆ JOE MURPHY hadn't even twitched during the whole performance. Sue now explained that he was out; that he would be for a few hours. That was the first time Newt and Gil knew that he had been more than mildly exhilarated or inspired.

"Well," Newt said, "what are we going to do with our surly chum in the rear?"

"The original idea was to leave him for Hardy," Gil said, "and I, for one, can't think of anything better to do with him. Can you?"

"Now that you ask me," Newt said, "no. If you'll handle the details."

So they left Van Goonstruther in Hardy Moore's bathroom, a simpler achievement than it might sound offhand. Hardy had a small two-room apartment on the ground floor of Melvin Hall, with an outside entrance; so all they had to do was pull the car up in front of it, open the car door, and prod Van right out into the apartment. And when Gil turned on the water in the bathtub and Van heard that, it was all over, of course. Van flapped in there and climbed into the tub almost graciously.

They shut the door and left him.

Gil gave Newt a look over Sue's head when they came out, and Newt could take a hint and said he thought if they didn't mind he'd let them go on back alone; seals always seemed to tire him, he said.

(Continued on page 37)

INSIDE GERMANY TODAY:
hy HITLER declared WAR on RUSSIA

Hitler's "Holy Crusade"

BY WYTHE WILLIAMS

heard Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday over 100 Mutual Network stations

READING TIME • 12 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

☆ THIS article rounds out the inside story, as brought back to America from Berchtesgaden by Alias Herr Klausmann, my confederate, of the events that led up to the German attack upon Russia.

When Field Marshal Keitel, at the Brenner Pass conference between Hitler and Mussolini on June 2, demanded heavy troop concentrations along the Soviet border to intimidate Stalin, he merely applied the final touch to a plan made by German military leaders long before Hess' flight to Scotland.

As for Stalin, he by no means wanted war with Germany. He distrusted the information conveyed to him from London about prospective German demands upon him, as listed in the secret document that Hess had stolen in Berlin and brought along. But he could not ask the Germans about it without betraying his nervousness. Instead, he agreed to deliver another million tons of oil to Germany. He followed Hitler's lead in recognizing the rebel government in Iraq. He expelled the diplomatic representatives of Greece, Norway, and Belgium, and even the Yugoslav minister, with whom he had signed a friendship pact only six weeks before.

On June 4, two days after the Hitler-Mussolini meeting, the Nazi Ambassador at the Kremlin informed Stalin that Hitler was favorably disposed toward a personal meeting with him. On the same day the rumor spread throughout high Soviet circles that a military alliance with Germany was a distinct possibility.

Such was the general atmosphere preceding the Nazi war council at Berchtesgaden on June 16. Present at the gathering were Hitler, Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop, Marshals Göring, Keitel, von Brauchitsch, Milch, and List, General Halder, and Grand Admiral Raeder. As yet neither official Berlin nor official Moscow—much less the German and Russian peoples—had even an inkling of the impending eruption.

Russian Ambassador Dekanozov had requested an audience with Hitler to convey a personal message of consequence from Stalin. The German military clique had reason to suspect that it would have important bearing on their maturing plans. Hence the calling of the war council for that particular date. They were going to be on hand for the showdown.

Hitler read the text of Stalin's message. The Red dictator would be glad to meet the Führer. However, to ensure success he suggested that their representatives first agree upon an agenda of the problems involved.

Von Ribbentrop then stated that the articles for a military alliance with Russia had already been tentatively drawn up. He was interrupted by General Halder, who said: "Unless this treaty contains one primary stipulation, it will not be worth anything. Four fifths of the Red army must be stationed in Asiatic Russia as a standing threat to British possessions in India. I do not for one moment believe that Stalin will agree to this, and neither do you, gentlemen."

With that, Halder spread maps on the conference table. He explained that they showed in detail the so-called Stalin line of defense, also Red air bases and fortifications constructed, since the conclusion of the Nazi-Soviet pact, near the Reich's new frontiers. They were based on air photographs taken by Lufthansa pilots on commercial flights to points within Russia, such as Moscow and Leningrad. The general concluded: "Stalin will agree to any concessions except the one I have mentioned, so long as they will direct all our military efforts against England. As soon as we are unalterably engaged in the west and in Africa, he will knife us in the back."

Hitler had not seen these maps, and he was profoundly interested. As he bent over them Ribbentrop attempted another objection, but Field Marshal Keitel interrupted and produced voluminous documents that had been compiled, he said, by the Gestapo and the Security Police of the Armed Forces. They contained conclusive evidence that Soviet agents were stirring up trouble both inside the Reich and in the occupied territories.

For a third time von Ribbentrop

(Continued on page 49)

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

PART ONE—THE GIRL ON THE BALCONY

☆ HURRYING along the Quai Woodrow Wilson, Lisa Abernathil knew very well that men were turning to stare. She was accustomed to it, for she had the full, fine body of a Raphael nude. They couldn't help being aware of that body even before they sought confirmation of its beauty in her face. It had been that way ever since she'd been a girl of fourteen in Vienna. Now that she was twenty-six, and in Geneva, she was still conscious of the startled eyes, but she had learned to ignore them.

She carried her head high, like a challenge to the wind that came across the blue radiance of Lac Léman. She wore no hat; her hair, cut to shoulder length, streamed back in the breeze. It was the kind of flaxen hair you found in the women of Bavaria or the Tyrol, and it shone in the sun with a strange inner warmth that made you want, a bit incredulously, to test its thickness with your fingers.

At the Pension Beau Soleil, where she had lived for the past four weeks, Lisa Abernathil was registered as an Austrian refugee. One of thousands. They clung to this island of neutrality as shipwrecked men cling to a raft. In the streets they wandered about with harassed, lonely looks, hungering for companionship, tormented by the insecurity of their future. But Lisa was not like the others. Her eyes, which rebelled against tradition by being brown instead of blue, held confidence. Her lips, vivid and moist, never drooped in despair.

Philip Layden, the tall American at the pension, had told her with an appreciative laugh, "You always look as if you've just come away from one good meal and expect to have another."

"I learned to look like that," she had answered, "by imitating Americans."

She walked as far as the old League of Nations Palace, where she crossed the grass to sit on a bench under a tree. It was pleasant here, with the breeze blowing steadily from the lake and little waves splashing just beyond her toes. She shook back her hair. Though she had brought a book, it lay unopened on her lap. You would have thought, as she stretched an arm on the back of the bench, that she was enjoying complete relaxation.

But Lisa wasn't relaxed. Her nerves were tight—terribly tight. This apparent ease was a pose she was finding difficult to maintain. . . .

She had been sitting there some ten minutes, peering at the distant snowy peak of Mont Blanc, when he came to share the bench: a middle-aged man with a feather in the band of his hat. He scarcely glanced at Lisa. He lit a curved pipe, then pulled a newspaper from his pocket and began to read.

Lisa gave him an incurious look. He had a flabby, complacent face, a trifle too gray, with pouches under the eyes. If you were fond of guessing at people's occupations, you'd have set him down as a minor government clerk working toward a pension.

Nothing about Lisa Abernathil indicated that she knew this man. Yet she had been reporting to him twice a week for the past month. He came whenever Herr Gestel himself couldn't come. Herr Gestel had introduced him as Fritz Lauber.

Lisa opened her book and began to read.

After a few minutes Fritz Lauber looked around cautiously. Nobody was near enough to hear what he might say. With his eyes again fixed on the newspaper, he whispered in German:

"*Also, Fräulein.* Go on."

"Last night," Lisa said, talking to the book, "I followed him again."

"To the same house?"

"*Jawohl.*"

"Did you mark it on the chart?"

"There was no need to mark it." She kept her tones as low as his. "It is the last house on the Rue des Cignes. It stands alone, beyond the cemetery. You can't make a mistake when there's only one house."

"Have you learned how many men work there with him?"

"Not yet. Perhaps next time."

"It will be unnecessary. They will destroy the house tomorrow night."

Lisa lifted her eyes from the book and looked at the lake. Her voice tightened. "While those men are in it?"

"Why not?"

Her fingers clamped fiercely on the book. "Their deaths will bring investigations!"

"We are at war, Fräulein," Fritz Lauber dryly reminded her. "You know what Gestel says: The more of them we kill, the fewer of them there will be to kill us." He paused, then added more reasonably: "As for the investigations, Gestel will probably send you to Germany at once to avoid them. I advise you to be packed and ready."

He folded the paper and thrust it back into his pocket.

"Tonight Gestel will send to the border for the necessary bombs. Tomorrow night he will destroy the house. You have done very well, Fräulein." He paused. "I hope there are no—emotional complications involved."

"Of course not!"

"That is good. No complications. Always the best way." He rose and bent to brush ashes from his trousers. "What other orders you will receive, I do not know. Once the house on the Rue des Cignes is destroyed, your work here will be done." He watched

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

Author of Wings of Wrath, I Married a Nazi, etc.

BEGINNING

Tomorrow We March

Unsung heroes and lovely women waging a secret war!

A smashing novel of Europe behind the scenes in 1941

a few gulls circle overhead. Then he finished, *"Also, Fräulein, auf Wiedersehen. Heil Hitler."*

"Auf Wiedersehen," Lisa said mechanically.

Fritz Lauber waited an instant, as if expecting her to add something else. She seemed to forget it. She sat looking at the lake, her face pale. The stocky man arched his brows and walked slowly away. It was as though he had never been aware of the girl on the bench.

☆ THAT night the last house on the Rue des Cignes, standing alone some two hundred yards beyond the cemetery, where the narrow street ended against a hill, looked as dark and abandoned as always. It had been built more than a century ago by a goatherd as his chalet. And since it had now been unoccupied for seventeen years, it needed every conceivable sort of repair—panes for its windows, shingles for its roof, planks for the sagging porches. Even children who had once used it as a target for

"Lisa, don't you know you mustn't do this to a man in the middle of the night?"

stones had lost interest in the place; there was no fun in demolishing what was already a ruin.

Behind the cottage the rocky hill rose to support a tiara of pines. If you didn't mind climbing four hundred feet to the summit, you could gaze at the beauty of Lac Léman or down upon the streets of Geneva, with the River Rhone flowing past them to wind its way into France. Moreover, a glance over your shoulder brought you the full magnificence of the Alps.

Yet nobody ever came here for the view. Few people came here at all—except Philip Layden and the three men who helped him in his peculiar work.

☆ SOMETIMES, of course, an *agent de police* might pause to look up the Rue des Cignes. But he never saw anything about the chalet that had changed from the previous day or the previous year. Certainly he had no reason to approach it.

On other occasions, usually at night, a young couple brave enough to run past the cemetery might come, breathless and laughing, to sit on the hill. When that happened, old Gustave Pagnol, the one-legged wood carver whose duty it was to watch from a lower window of the cottage, would rap his crutch twice on the floor. At the signal the thuds of the printing press hidden in the cellar would instantly stop. The house would be still. It was wiser to lose a few hours than to rouse any one's curiosity in the house.

"Besides," Gustave had pointed out with mock gravity, "if we don't encourage love-making, where will we get the next generation for whom we are saving the world?"

Tonight, however, nothing had interrupted the steady thumps of the hand-operated press. It had worked from ten in the evening until two in the morning. By the light of two kerosene lamps it had produced an eight-page pamphlet no larger than a playing card, thin enough to be concealed in a folded handkerchief. Five thousand copies of it were now ready to be smuggled across the border into Nazi-occupied France. Five thousand copies bearing the title Pour la Liberté.

With the printing job done, Philip Layden shouldered a sack heavy with pamphlets and carried it up stone steps into what had once been a kitchen. He stretched out a hand to find the wall; followed it to the door. There he could see the patriarchal head of Gustave Pagnol silhouetted against the square of a window. Gustave sat on an old wine keg. He wore a beret and, with his full gray beard, he looked like a Franz Hals portrait.

"Finished?" he asked in French.

"Yes." Philip Layden lowered the bag to the floor. "Jules and Emile are tying up the rest."

"Who carries them across the line?"

"My chance. Tomorrow night."

The old man shook his head in disapproval. "It is ridiculous, Philip, that you should go."

"No more ridiculous than for Jules or Emile."

"But it is!" Gustave sounded annoyed. "Heaven knows, I'm fond of the boys. I wouldn't wish to see anything happen to either of them. But we must be realistic. If one of them is caught —*eh bien,* it would be tragic. Still, we could always find another to help with the printing. If *you* should be caught, on the other hand, we have no one to write the next issue!"

In the darkness Philip smiled. "You will write it."

"Pah! You know I'm an ignoramus."

"A brilliant ignoramus, papa."

"Don't flatter me. I know my limitations. Occasionally I have a few thoughts, yes. One has plenty of time to think while carving cuckoo clocks. In fact, I often wonder if I'm not a lunatic—to sit carving little birds and pipes and boats while the world around me goes to the devil in flames!"

Philip Layden said with an affectionate laugh, "If the world were full of lunatics like you, papa, we'd be all right. Our troubles come from the other fellows—the sane ones."

"Well," muttered Gustave, "that's neither here nor there. What I was saying was that *I* can't write pamphlets, and you can't afford to be caught. We need you."

"I'm not that important, papa." Philip smiled in the darkness. "If I go, some one else will come along to do the job. From Marseilles or from the de Gaulle forces in London. They won't let the journal die."

"I haven't noticed," scoffed Gustave, "that they've helped us up to now."

"We haven't asked for help. But—I'm afraid we'll have to pretty soon." Philip Layden's tall figure moved across the room. He leaned against the doorjamb, hands in his jacket pockets, and frowned along the Rue des Cignes. Faint moonlight touched his face—a lean, almost bony face with wide lips and deep-set, preoccupied eyes. He was twenty-eight, and the war had made him look thirty-eight. He said slowly, "I'm running out of money."

☆ AT that Gustave Pagnol rubbed an uneasy hand on his thigh. He sat silent, scowling at the floor. Like Philip, he had already given whatever he had to Pour la Liberté.

"I don't know where else we can turn," he said at last.

Philip murmured, "I'm pretty sure we can find backing in London. They know what we've been doing."

From the cellar steps came the sounds of Jules and Emile bringing the other sacks. A moment later they were in the room, dark slim shadows, each bent under his bag.

"Ready," said Jules. "*Allons.*"

They did not carry the sacks along the Rue des Cignes. It was pointless to risk meeting an *agent de police*—and an investigation. Instead, the three men climbed the steep hill. It was difficult. Every few moments they had to stop, breathless. As they approached the top, they could look back across the dull sheen of Lac Léman. With the moon behind clouds tonight, the water lacked its usual radiance. But Geneva, with its lights, was as beautiful a sight as ever. "A glimmer of hope," Gustave Pagnol had dryly called it, "in blacked-out Europe."

They crossed the summit of the hill and went down the opposite side, often on their haunches, letting the bags slide beside them. At the bottom there was a thick growth of trees. A narrow dirt road, unlit and seldom used, ran among them. That was where Jules Galatin's farm truck, laden with milk cans, stood hidden.

The three men loaded the bags of pamphlets into the cans, shut them tightly, and the task was finished. They had done this so often that there was little need for talk. But, as he climbed into the seat with his brother Jules, young Emile Galatin snapped in anger:

"That we should have to take such precautions in a free country—a country that's supposed to let you print what you have to say!"

Jules chided, "How long do you imagine it would remain a free country, my little one, if the Germans could prove we were letting forbidden pamphlets go into their territory? . . . Stop being a philosopher, Emile, and start the motor." Jules looked down at the tall figure of Philip Layden. "You'll come to our farm tomorrow evening at the usual time, yes?"

Philip nodded.

"*A demain,* then!" Jules waved his hand as the engine began to drone. "The truck will be ready for you."

☆ PHILIP waited until the car had vanished beyond the trees. Then, with a queer shake of his head, half of wonder, half of admiration, he turned and climbed the hill. Sometimes he marveled that men like Jules and Emile and old Gustave Pagnol—all of them neutral Swiss—were risking their lives in this cause. And he himself, an American, was doing precisely the same thing. Why? Was it because there was no longer such an illusion as neutrality? Was it because they had all seen enough to understand that the question of where you had been born or where you lived no longer mattered very much?

Nowadays, Philip reflected, whether you were in Scotland or Iraq, in China or Norway, in Greece or Finland, you believed in one of two things—freedom or the surrender of freedom. You believed you were entitled to the same human dignity as the man on the inside of the German border, or else you were willing to concede that the Nazis were your superiors spiritually, mentally, physically. If you were in the latter group, you could sit back smugly and watch the Nazi war machine roll on. But if you happened to be in the former category, you had to protest. You were automatically part of the opposing forces. *Particularly* if you had been born American or Swiss. In that case you knew what freedom and dignity could be. . . .

He reached the top of the hill out of breath. Between two rocks there

was a bed of moss where he often rested, and here Philip Layden stretched himself flat on his back. He clasped his hands under his head, gazed up at dark clouds scurrying past the moon.

Lying there, he remembered how desperately his father had tried to be neutral during those last frantic days in Czechoslovakia. John Layden had died in Prague, finishing a lifetime in the American consular service with a cerebral hemorrhage. And on that final day, when consciousness had returned for a few moments, he had looked at his family, gathered about the bed, and he had whispered:

"For God's sake, get back to America, all of you—get back!"

Yet they hadn't gone back. Not one of them. Philip's mother was in occupied France, with her people—in the same little town, the same little villa, out of which John Layden had taken her as his bride thirty-two years ago. And Philip's sister Anne, who had married a young Czech manufacturer before the war, was still in Prague. She was there with her husband and her daughter; knowing he couldn't leave and refusing to abandon him.

As for Philip himself, he laughed, a harsh, brittle sound without humor, and rose from the bed of moss.

He preferred not to think about himself now. There had been a time when he'd been stirred by certain ambitions. He had known exactly what road he planned to follow in life. But his plan presupposed a world at peace. Now . . . It was better to throw his energy, as he had already thrown his financial resources, into Pour la Liberté.

He went down the hill, sliding a good part of the way, to find Gustave Pagnol awaiting him at the bottom.

"Come home with me for a cognac," the old man suggested.

But Philip declined. "I won't be getting any sleep tomorrow night, papa. I want a little now. . . . Did you put out the lamps in the cellar?"

"It's all done."

They walked off together, the bearded man limping on his single leg and the crutch. Not past the cemetery and along the Rue des Cignes; they were always cautious about being seen. They went, instead, along the foot of the hill. Several streets ended against its slope, as did the Rue des Cignes. They turned finally into the Rue Chambert.

"You won't be returning to the cellar, will you, before you go to the border tomorrow?" Gustave asked.

"Just for an hour after dark," Philip told him. "I'll want to translate Churchill's speech. He talks in the afternoon."

☆ IT was after three when Philip Layden undressed in his room at the Pension Beau Soleil. But he didn't immediately go to sleep; he felt too tense for that. In pajamas and dressing gown, he lit a cigarette and sat beside a reading lamp to glance through the pages of Pour la Liberté. The booklet scarcely filled his palm. Its smallness, of course, made its secret distribution easier. Victor Carteau, one of the men who took charge of the sacks when they reached Nazi-occupied France, had told him that each copy had a minimum of thirty readers. That meant the usual issue of 5,000 had an actual underground circulation of 150,000. Sometimes the realization that he was addressing so vast an audience, trying to inspire them with hope, brought Philip a frightening sense of his inadequacy. It became worse whenever he let himself remember that any one in France found with his journal faced a year in a concentration camp.

He pushed back dark hair that had become disheveled. Through cigarette smoke he squinted at the first few pages of news—the sort of news which came from Britain, from Switzerland, from America; the sort of news prohibited in the countries which Berlin dominated. After that came Signs of Tomorrow—brief paragraphs that needed no comment:

"I kept him out of the army, got him a $400 deduction on his income tax, and he turns me down when I want an ice-cream cone!"

HOLLAND. . . . The Nazis have always known that the majority of cultured Hollanders understand German. The Nazi military police in the streets of Rotterdam and Amsterdam are therefore bewildered by the fact that whenever they issue an order to a Dutch citizen he looks at them blankly, understanding not a word of their language.

NORWAY. . . . The citizens of a small village decided to celebrate a former king's birthday by gathering in the village square to sing old Norwegian patriotic songs. The Nazi gauleiter of the district, in an effort to win the good will of the people, permitted the gathering The population of the village is 900. When the time to sing the patriotic songs arrived, 11,000 Norwegians were present.

PARIS. . . . The Avenue George V is named after a British king. Frenchmen who pass it lift their hats in salute. Nazi police are infuriated by the gesture. But little can be done, since the Führer has not yet made it illegal for a man to lift his hat to scratch his head.

Philip couldn't repress a little chuckle. Whenever he found items of that kind, they filled him with a glow of satisfaction, almost of triumph.

He let the pages flip under his thumb until he came to the editorial he had written. This made him uncertain. His own writings, when he read them dispassionately, often gave him a feeling of frustration. He could write with almost equal facility in French, German, and English. And he could speak other languages. That was the way he had been reared—wherever his father happened to be stationed. Yet, whatever language he used, his printed words always struck him as lacking the passion he had tried to pour into them.

This editorial, for example. It ended with the paragraph:

The simple people, the common people—the shopkeepers, the clerks, the waiters, the farm workers—these cannot be conquered by panzer divisions. They are not soldiers and they cannot be defeated in battle. They may for a time be subjugated, yes. But there is a fierce desire for liberty burning in them all. Today it is a banked fire. But tomorrow it will blaze out with a great and annihilating fury. When it does, all the early defeats will be wiped out in the conflagration, and all over Europe men—a hundred million simple, common men—will march through the smoke and flames to re-establish their right to freedom and to human dignity.

☆ PHILIP'S hand closed to crush the pamphlet. He thrust it into the pocket of his dressing gown and sat frowning at the floor. It was difficult to know how much to write, how far to hope, in these terrifying days.

His mother often tried to reassure him. She sent her secret letters with Victor Carteau whenever he came to get the sacks of pamphlets at the border. "Pour la Liberté," she had written two weeks ago, "is doing much to bolster our spirits here in Gardenois. Living under Nazi guns as we do, serving them as slaves serve masters, we know many moments of hopelessness, of despair. Yet, when the pamphlet arrives, everybody wants it immediately. And there is no lack of volunteers to distribute it. Mignon Gaudin (you remember Mignon, do you not?) has become one of your most ardent agents—despite the fact both her parents are in concentration camps because of their activities."

Philip drew in a long breath. Of one thing he was certain: the work in which he was engaged was the most important thing he had ever done.

After a time he rose, switched off the light.

He was crossing the room to his bed when he heard the distant wail of a fire alarm.

(Continued on page 59)

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

A distinguished educator offers a challenging plan for our youth

Conscription Something

☆ HITLER has compelled us to adopt universal military service. Universal military service gives us a chance to reorganize our program of universal free education. That program has needed reorganization for fifty years. If we are at last driven to it, Hitler will have been, within very narrow limits, a blessing in disguise.

When we look at the organization of American education, we see that there isn't much. There used to be eight years of grammar school, but people began to discover that eight years was too long, and junior high schools began to spring up. There used to be four years of high school, but people found out that high-school juniors were ready for college work, and a new type of junior college, admitting students at the end of the sophomore year in high school, began to spring up. Thus the grade school, the high school, and even the traditional junior college have lost the definite outlines with which we were familiar. The college of liberal arts and the university have been thrown into confusion.

One of the evil effects of the springing-up process is the multiplication of two-year units. We now have a two-year junior college and, as a result of it, a two-year senior college. The more units there are, the more duplication there is. The ancient overlapping between the grades and the high school and the high school and the college is not improved by the new overlapping between the grades and the junior high school, the junior high school and the senior high school, the senior high school and the junior college, and the junior college and the senior college.

But even if a two-year unit could eliminate duplication, it would still face an impossible educational task. It loses 50 per cent of its students every year. In the brief time at its disposal it must make up for the deficiencies of the past, prepare for what is to come, and at the same time teach whatever it is supposed to teach as its contribution to the intellectual development of its charges. It is no wonder that the two-year educational units of this country have so far failed to work out an intelligible course of study.

Nevertheless, the historic 8-4-4 arrangement of education is breaking up. The junior colleges are multiplying like rabbits. There were 610 of them last month, as against 436 ten years ago. In the long period of depression they have served a highly useful purpose in keeping young people out of worse places until they could get jobs. They have yet to discover their function in the educational system or how they can perform it.

Meanwhile they have had a disturbing, not to say a distorting, effect on the colleges of liberal arts and the universities. Thirty per cent of the entering students at Chicago last year came from junior colleges. Think what this does to the conventional notion that students spend their freshman and sophomore years absorbing a homogeneous preparation for the junior and senior years. When almost a third of a junior class enters from widely scattered and widely different institutions, the course of the other two thirds must be profoundly affected. The curriculum of the colleges of liberal arts in universities was confused before. Now it is chaotic.

Though some effects of the junior college are alarming, though it has yet to find its place in the educational system, I am convinced that its place

is a great one and that conscription gives us the chance to put it in it. All the impressions gathered in a long life in education convince me that the natural break in a student's career is at the end of the sophomore year in college. At that point his general education, his preparation for citizenship, should be complete. He should go on with formal education only if he is qualified to study for one of the professions, to be a scholar, or to follow some special intellectual interest. Certainly the community owes him no further educational obligations unless he can meet one of these requirements.

Education for citizenship is a complicated business. It should absorb the attention of the young up to their twentieth year. The advance of technology makes it unlikely that under "normal" conditions young people will be able to enter gainful employment much before that age. The system of free education for all—the program of preparation for citizenship—should culminate in the junior college.

And the work of the junior college should culminate in the bachelor's degree. Americans are so devoted to the forms of education that they will not withdraw from educational institutions until they have received some respectable and recognizable insignia. We are the most degree-conscious people in the world, except the Chinese. The bachelor's degree means little now. But it is respectable and recognizable. We could make it mean something by making it mean what the *baccalauréat* means in France and in French Canada, the completion of general education. In these countries general education is acquired in the *lycée*, which the student finishes at about the age at which he leaves a junior college in the United States. If a bachelor's degree were conferred upon the graduates of junior colleges, it might be transformed from meaningless alphabetical arrangement into an effective instrument to edge out of the educational system those who should no longer remain in it.

But if the junior college is to be the culmination of education for citizenship, it cannot be afflicted with the handicaps that burden all two-year units. It is easy to avoid them. Under the conventional plan the student spends twelve years in going through the grades and the high school. But it is now clear that elementary work can be completed in six years. Secondary work can be finished in four years more. This total process would thus consume ten years instead of the conventional twelve. The last two years of the present high school and the two years of the present junior college can then be combined into one four-year collegiate unit, the culmination of education for citizenship.

This was the plan of the men who initiated the junior college movement, President Harper of Chicago and President Folwell of Minnesota. As long ago as 1869 Mr. Folwell suggested the desirability of transferring the "body of work for the first two years in our ordinary American colleges" to the secondary schools. These men thought of university work as beginning with the junior year in college.

We should then have a 6-4-4 instead of an 8-4-4 scheme of education for the adolescent population. The junior college, now a misfit wrecking the educational system, would become a four-year terminal unit for general education. The universities would be left free to discard their collegiate work, except for experimental purposes, and to pursue the work of research, professional training, and specialized education for those qualified.

This reorganization is urgent whether or not we have universal military service. With conscription, which we must assume will be with us for a long time, some sort of reorganization of the school system is imperative. When both education and military service are compulsory for the young, they must be adjusted to each other. From the educational point of view the present minimum draft age of twenty-one is just precisely wrong. The student should be drafted at some natural break in his educational career. That is at the end of his sophomore year, at graduation from the junior college. This is the time for him to do his military stint. When he has completed it, he may, if he is qualified, enter upon university work. If he is not qualified, he should go to work.

College students should not be deferred because they are college students. But the draft age should be lowered and enough flexibility introduced into the system to permit the student to serve his country in the armed forces without damage to his preparation for the other duties of citizenship. Nobody can accuse Mayor La Guardia of indifference to the military needs of the country. But early in May he said, "It must be remembered that in addition to military training the country requires the training of its youth in science, the professions, the arts, and industry. The army needs not only soldiers but also a large officer corps now and in the future. Educated men are needed by the country even though we are in an emergency of training or may be confronted with a more serious emergency. In either event, our country, our customs, our cultural life must continue. . . . There is no need to interrupt education. Irreparable damage is being done at this very moment by taking young men who would have entered colleges, and by interrupting the college courses of other young men who might never again have an opportunity to continue their studies. That is not only unnecessary but cruel and destructive."

In view of the variations in the ages at which students reach the end of the sophomore year, the individual should be permitted to take his year of service at any age between eighteen and twenty-two inclusive. It can be provided that he must in no event enter upon military service later than the end of his sophomore year, or he may choose his own time, in which case he would be well advised to choose the end of his sophomore year.

The proposals I have made for the reorganization of education are not new. President Butler of Columbia made them forty years ago. Nobody could find anything against them then.

Nobody can find anything against them now. The whole course of education since 1901 has confirmed the wisdom of Mr. Butler's proposals. Little has been done about them because we have not been compelled to do anything about them. Educators, like other people, do not tend to reform themselves, and the public, too busy admiring the phenomenal growth of American education to analyze it carefully, did not demand a reform. Now the exigencies of national defense leave us no alternative. We must reorganize our educational system.

Hitler must be given credit for an unintentional assist.

THE END

And Education *must be done*

BY ROBERT MAYNARD HUTCHINS

PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

READING TIME • 28 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

Murder With Southern Hospitality

☆ ON a garden pilgrimage to Natchez, Mississippi, Louise Gould, with Mrs. Cornelia Cartwright and Miss Letty Drayton, stay at Antigua, the beautiful home of Miss Letty's brother, Judge Drayton. Louise is surprised at the cold welcome Miss Letty receives from her sister, Kate, and the judge. Anne, the Draytons' niece, seems to be the only one who is genuinely glad to see her

Miss Letty, usually mousy and meek, is determined that Anne shall not marry Lawrence, the judge's son. For that reason she is particularly glad when Steven Heywood comes to town. Steve is a distant cousin of the late Minot Heywood whose old home, Tangier, is just across a bayou from Antigua. Minot, considering that the Heywood and Drayton families had an ancient feud, left a most peculiar will: All his plantations are to go to Steve on condition that he marry Anne Drayton. Otherwise the girl will receive the property.

Steven falls in love with Anne and she with him, despite the judge's disapproval. Then romance fades into the background when murder takes the stage. Cornelia Cartwright is found one night in the bayou, dead from a bullet wound!

Cornelia's stepson, Alec, is sent for and every one is questioned, but no clue or motive can be found. Anne and Louise, however, find Miss Letty's locket in the bayou and a footprint that may be hers. Anne blots out the print and gives the locket to Louise to keep. Knowing that the locket contains a yellowed newspaper clipping which Miss Letty guards carefully, Louise does not open it, but she wonders if Cornelia was killed because she found out its secret.

When Mrs. Millicent Storm, another garden pilgrim and a friend of Cornelia, is found dead in the bayou, Louise is sure that the locket has something to do with the crimes. For Mrs. Storm, when she called at Antigua, asked Alec if she might buy a piece of jewelry his stepmother had—and proceeded to describe Miss Letty's locket!

With the help of Lawrence Drayton, suspicion of Mrs. Storm's murder is made to point to Steve Heywood. The sheriff, Jim Bailey, questions him and walks back to Tangier with him and Louise—who has been asked by the judge to leave Antigua because she has helped further Steve's and Anne's romance.

Jim is not sure that Steve is guilty and does not arrest him. He talks about Minot Heywood and his sudden death at Tangier. "It was a big shock to me when we found him," he says.

Louise and Steve are startled. Does he mean that Minot was murdered, too?

PART SIX—DANGER IN THE DARK

☆ "WHAT do you mean, found him?" Steve asked quietly. Jim Bailey stopped again. "Hadn't you heard?"

Steve shook his head. "I didn't know him. I only saw him once, when he came North seven or eight years ago. I didn't know there was anything unusual about it."

"I wouldn't say there was," Jim Bailey said deliberately. We started along again. "I guess it was shock. It was the night after they buried the old lady. She was a tartar. She had Mr. Minot and all the rest of 'em under her thumb from the day they were born."

"His mother?"

"No. His mother died when he was born. His grandmother. Eighty-nine and spry as a chicken, and tight—was she *tight!* She used to give Mr. Minot twenty-five cents on Saturday night—twenty-five cents! He worked like a dog, running the plantations, and she'd hire a C. P. A. to go over the books to the last dime. They made good money, considering, but Mr. Minot never had a nickel, except that twenty-five cents."

"What happened?" I insisted.

"I guess it was the shock of being his own master. He came back from the funeral. Vidal Cutting—he's her lawyer—read the will to Mr. Minot and Miss Rose and a couple of the others she'd kept with their noses to the grindstone. She left each of the rest five hundred dollars, and all the rest of it to Mr. Minot, saying what a fine boy he'd been and she hoped he'd get a good wife and raise a big family."

"How old was he then?"

"Fifty, I guess, and he looked sixty-five if he looked a day. Anyway, he just sat there, stunned."

"He hadn't—I mean . . ." I didn't like to finish what I'd started.

"Killed her, you mean?"

"Something of the sort," I admitted.

"No; she died of lobar pneumonia. He was just stunned because he hadn't expected anything at all."

We'd reached the house and were sitting out on the gallery steps. I could see the frost-white slates of Antigua's roof gleaming through the trees.

"Well, he got hold of himself after a while, and the first thing he did, right away, was tell Vidal he wanted to make a will himself. And that's when you came in, Mr. Heywood. Vidal told him he was crazy, and he said that was just the way he wanted it. They got a couple of people who'd come to clear up after the funeral to witness it."

Jim Bailey stopped and looked at us. "I don't know whether you're *interested* in this."

I swallowed, and Steve said, "Sure. Go on."

"Well, then he asked Vidal if he could lend him a couple of thousand dollars. Vidal still thought he was cracked, but he went out to get it. When he came back to tell him he could have it next morning, Mr. Minot was upstairs packing his bag. I guess the time you saw him was the only time he'd been out of Natchez since the war. He was burning old papers and letters. The room was full of smoke—the old lady never let him

He took the old iron key out of the lock.

ILLUSTRATOR HY RUBIN

BY LESLIE FORD

Suspicion, peril, a romance gone awry! Now thrills quicken an exciting mystery

have a fire in there. When I came—I was a deputy then—I remember there were three chimney swallows that got suffocated, I guess, and there they were, lying in the burnt papers right by his head. He'd got dizzy and fallen over on the hearth."

He pointed up behind us. "It was in that room right up there."

We waited as he stopped for a moment.

"There wasn't much blood. It was his heart, the doctor said. He'd just bled a little where his head hit the fire tongs. It was right pathetic, you know—his bag all packed, and the chimney swallows and him layin' there together, all of 'em dead."

"There wasn't any doubt about it?" Steve asked after a while.

"No. We had to break in the door. The key was on the inside, lying on the floor. It dropped out when we broke it open. It was right sad. He'd been lookin' forward to gettin' away. He had a lot of road maps. The boys at the service station used to collect 'em for him from people. He had maps from tourist agencies and everywhere. Maybe they're still around."

We sat there silently. There wasn't a sound anywhere. The streamers of moss from the live oak moved softly back and forth, smoke-silvered in the moonlight.

"I guess he liked you being an aviator—maybe that's why he wanted you to marry Miss Anne. She used to sneak through the bayou and bring travel maps and circulars to him. I guess she wrote every place for 'em, if she was only a kid."

"Why did she have to sneak through, Jim?" Steve asked.

"That's a long story, Steve."

I doubt if either of them was aware of the change in names and of a new friendliness that seemed old and casual.

"That was before my time. As long as I can remember they've been at it like cats and dogs. Some say Mr. Minot wanted to marry Miss Kate and the old lady wouldn't let him. She was the one the murder in the bayou was

about in '64. She was eighteen then—she died in 1935—but I guess she wasn't a good forgetter. Miss Kate's father was the one that killed her lover. . . . Excuse me, ma'am. I forgot you were here."

"That's all right," I said.

"Yes, I guess that old bayou has seen a lot of things nobody knows much about," Jim Bailey said.

He got up abruptly, rather stiff all of a sudden, as if he regretted having let himself go the way he had. He was looking about with a puzzled look on his face. I thought suddenly of the dogs, and there must have been a kind of telepathy there, because Steve said, "I wonder where Cousin Rose's dogs are? They're usually raising hell."

"I was thinking about that," Jim said. "Oh, I know—somebody borrowed them for the fox hunt. They'll be back tomorrow."

He started off, and stopped "Say, now . . ."

"Lucky coincidence," Steve observed.

"That's what I was just thinking myself. Darn lucky, the way they yap. Well, I'll get along."

"I'll take you," Steve said.

"No, thanks. I'd like the walk. Stick around till you hear from me, will you?"

They shook hands.

☆ "GLAD you came down, Steve Wish you'd come back and live here when you're through the job we thought we finished last time."

"Thanks," Steve said. "I'll think about it."

"Good night, Mis' Gould."

He set off, and we stood watching him for a moment.

"Smarter than he looks," I said—"I hope."

"I hope, I hope," Steve added. "Nice guy, anyway. Do you want to go in, or do we wait for your bag?"

"We'd wait all night then, I'll bet," I said. "I'll borrow one of Millicent Storm's nightgowns. I don't suppose she'd mind."

"That," said Steve, "would not be decent. I'll lend you my extra pajamas."

We tiptoed, suddenly conscious of the hour, across the gallery to the old weather-beaten door, and went inside. A single electric bulb hung from the cracked ceiling, glowing feebly out of a rose silk shade. In the gloom that was more dark than light, I could make out a dingy loveliness that Antigua's grandeur couldn't possibly equal. As the front door closed behind us a gray-haired woman looked out of a room at the end of the hall. She started violently and stared at us, as well she might.

"This is Mrs. Gould, Cousin Rose," Steve said. He raised his voice, so I took it Miss Heywood was pretty deaf. "She's been at the Draytons', and Judge Drayton put her out—because of Anne."

Her face softened a little, I was relieved to see.

"I thought she could have the room that other woman was in."

Miss Rose wrapped her flannel bathrobe around her and came out into the hall.

"It's made up," she said. "I'm glad to have you come, but you'll have to be careful of the hot water. We don't have a great deal. I half expected somebody would come. A boy brought a bag over. I had him put it in the front room on the right."

"Thank you," I said. He must have brought it over before we came around to the front.

"They told me about that poor woman," Miss Rose said. "I've been afraid to go in her room. I wasn't here when it happened—I went to the movies with Cousin Elizabeth Hailey. Did they—"

Steve pulled at my sleeve, and we edged another step along.

"They don't know anything else, Cousin Rose. You go back to bed. We'll manage."

We hurried up the stairs. "This way," Steve said. He steered me to the door on the right near the small Palladian window

"Isn't . . . this Mr. Minot's room?" I asked.

"He's been dead five years," Steve said. He nodded across the hall. "That was Mrs. Storm's room."

I think the same idea struck both of us at once.

"Maybe there's something . . ."

We both went across to it. Steve opened the door quietly.

"Wait a minute—the light's in the center."

He went across the room, stumbled against something and swore under his breath. I could hear him feeling his way. The room was black, the shutters all closed tightly.

"Here it is," he said. I heard a click as the light went on. For a moment we just stood there, both of us speechless, the droplight swinging in crazy diminishing circles around his head.

☆ THE room was a shambles of disorder. Her clothes were scattered everywhere, her open suitcase trunk like Cornelia's was in the middle of the room where Steve had bumped against it, the drawers out and their contents strewed every which way. The pillows were on the floor, and a trail of pale pink bath powder from a broken box had Steve's tracks in it as plain as a horse-thief's trail in the snow.

"You'd better go down and phone Jim Bailey right away," I said.

He nodded. "What do you suppose they were hunting for?"

I put my hand in my pocket, pulled out my handkerchief and held it out. "For this," I said.

Miss Letty's locket lay in the center of the white linen square, the crumpled ribbon in a black festoon around it.

He looked at it, his face changing gradually from ordinary interest to bewilderment to astonished recognition and back to bewilderment again.

"Well, where did you get *that*?" he demanded.

"What is it?" I asked. "Do you—" "Where did you get it?"

I looked at it myself, and back at him.

"It belongs to Miss Letty," I said. "Cornelia swiped it because she wanted to see what's in it. Millicent Storm thought it belonged to Cornelia, and she was over at Antigua this morning trying to buy it. It must have been what she was trying to find down in the bayou tonight."

I told him about what she'd said in the taxi, and what I'd said, and I told him about Miss Kate and the vase, too.

"What's in it?" he demanded.

I closed my hand over it and put it back in my pocket.

"That," I said, "is a secret."

He looked at my pocket a long time.

"It's no use," I said. "It's got blood on it—and if you're going to phone, you'd better go do it."

"I'm not going to," he said quietly then. "I'm going to clean this place up. You can help me if you want to."

☆ IT was some time later when I'd swept up the last of the powder on a newspaper. There was a long white-clouded feather where it had worked into the worn carpet, but I couldn't help that.

"They'll think she spilled it and tried to clean it up herself," I said. ". . . I hope."

"Good thing the F. B. I. isn't in on it," Steve said coolly. He was in the doorway with his shoes under his arm, his coat streaked with powder, holding my shoes so they wouldn't get covered with the stuff. He tossed them to me. I put them on, turned out the light, and skirted around so I wouldn't pick up any of it. We looked back.

"I think it's a good job, on the whole," he said.

"It ought to be." It had taken us a full three quarters of an hour. "I'm tired. I haven't done this much housework for years."

We started across the hall in front of the triple-arched window. It wasn't shuttered, because it was there for decoration chiefly, and the sashes were nailed down on the inside. The scene through it across the vine-shaded gallery was like something on an intimate Christmas card, with the late moon silvering everything with glistening frost. I'd started to say so, when Steve halted abruptly and caught my arm. He bent forward, listening intently.

I stopped too, every nerve tense and sharpened, my heart chilling.

"What is it?" I whispered.

He straightened up. "I thought I heard something outside. I'll have a look."

I don't know what had happened to me, but I was shaking and my hands and feet were frozen. "No!" I said. "You'll not, either. If it is somebody, you'll get killed—and if it isn't, it doesn't matter. Don't go—please don't!"

He gripped my shoulder. "Stop it, Louise! What's the matter with you? I won't go. Stop it, do you hear!"

He steadied me with a firm grip on my arm. "I'll just go down and lock the front door. All the windows are barricaded."

"Then let me come down with you," I said.

The idea of staying up there by myself was unbearable. The whole place seemed alive with some dreadful static that set every nerve in my body taut with blind unreasoning panic.

"Look," he said. "I'll turn on your light, and you go to bed. You're tired. That's all that's the matter with you. You've had an awful couple of days, and it's all backed up on you. Come along."

He led me across the hall and opened the door. Inside, leaning against the wall while he felt around for the light, I felt a little steadier. He turned it on, and I got across to the day bed at the foot of the great dismal four-poster and sat down, trying to pull myself together a little. It must be something out in the hall, I remember thinking. I didn't seem to feel it so acutely in here.

He pulled the candlewick spread off the bed, pulled down the covers and put the pillows in place. Then he went over to the table, opened my small bag that had been brought from Antigua, and put it on the day bed.

"Now you're all right. Lock your door if you want to. I'll stay downstairs—inside—until you get to sleep. If you wake up and get scared, just yell. I'll leave my door open."

"I'm all right," I said.

"I'll look under your bed, and in the wardrobe." He bent down. "Nothing here," he said. "And nothing here." He went over to the built-in cupboard, arched like the hall window, beside the fireplace. Both doors were locked.

"Good night, Louise," he said. "I'll leave the hall light on."

"Good night," I said. "Thanks. You're an angel."

"I'll tell you about Anne in the morning," he said. "You're going to be the only wedding guest."

☆ "OH, Steve, I'm delighted!" I said. "When?"

"Tomorrow night—if I'm not in jail. Good night."

And that, I thought, was why he'd whistled so happily folding up Millicent Storm's private garments and stowing them back in her suitcase. I took off my jacket and hung it in the wardrobe. And no wonder Judge Drayton had ordered me out of his house. Anne had probably been as transparent as Cinderella's slipper.

I began whistling a little too, very softly. I'd forgotten all about my terror of a few minutes before. I went back to the day bed, sat down, took off my shoes and felt around in my bag for my slippers. I fished them out, put one on, and had my toe in the other when I stopped short. There was something in it. I put my hand down and pulled out a crumpled envelope, sealed, with a faint flush of lipstick along the flap. I pulled out the letter inside it.

I read it through twice before I could really believe it. Maybe the blotched and blotted spots all over it were making me see it wrong.

"Dearest Louise," it said. "I'm terribly sorry, but you'll know that without my telling you. Uncle Ed heard you talking to Steve on the telephone. He's never been so angry before. We didn't meet you because it was eleven o'clock before we even thought it was eight yet. We went to Tangier and sat on the gallery because we didn't want to park out on the road. I thought it would be quicker to go back

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through the bayou. Steve came with me and Uncle Ed saw him. He was waiting just inside the door. He must have heard everything we said. Will you tell Steve it's all over. I can't marry him like I said I would. My uncle told me something I didn't know before. He's going to tell Steve, he said, but I don't want him to know, so tell him not to let my uncle tell him. He wouldn't like me any more. Please make him understand it's not my fault; it's just something nobody can help. Tell Steve I meant everything I said about loving him and feeling like I'd known him all my life, because I do. Please tell him for me, because I can't see him any more, ever."

She'd crossed out and blotted with her tears something there that I couldn't make out. The rest was a hurried scrawl.

"They're coming back. Love, ANNE."

There was a postscript:

"Tell Steve I love him. I hope I've packed your things all right."

I read it through once more, a broken vivid picture crying out through the tear-mottled blots of the childish purple ink. I got up and listened. I couldn't hear Steve downstairs, but I remembered he was in his stocking feet. And I had to show him that letter. I'd forgotten my fear of the hall out there—all I could think of was Anne.

I got up, ran to the door and opened it.

I never even got his name out. There was a blinding flash of light, a shattering madhouse of crashing glass, a stinging burning pain, a reeling and nauseating darkness, with the floor flashing up to meet me . . . and nothing more.

☆ I REMEMBER crawling up slowly out of a seasick pit of oblivion, my head splitting, pain spraying through my whole left side. I became gradually aware of voices, one of them shouting:

"I can't go myself—I don't dare leave her alone! Put on your coat and run next door and phone for a doctor!"

It was Steve, and he was shouting to make Miss Rose understand. I moved my head a little. I was lying on the bed, my left arm stretched up high on a pile of pillows that were already stained red with blood.

"It's perfectly safe for you!" Steve shouted. "Go as fast as you can!"

I heard her running frantically then across the gallery and along the gravel. I closed my eyes, listening . . . listening as I'd never done before. The house was as still as death, and I was alone in it with Steve Heywood. As I heard him coming, my heart turned slowly to glacial rock. If he *had* killed Millicent Storm . . . if it *was* he who'd shot at me . . . I closed my burning eyes then, so that I could just see him through the blur of my lashes. His face was a white blob, grim as iron. He came slowly to the foot of the bed, stopped, and stood looking down at me.

"Louise?" he whispered.

I didn't move. I just waited.

He put his hand slowly in his pocket. And somehow I wasn't afraid any longer. Maybe this is what death is like—I thought—young and strong and hard as steel, and unhappy too. Because his face was so bitterly unhappy then that I knew if he was going to kill me it wasn't because he wanted to. I could see his hand moving out of his coat pocket . . . and then I saw Anne's letter in it. He was just looking at it, so that I knew he'd already read it; and then he turned away as slowly, putting it back in his pocket again. Then he went across to the cupboard at the side of the fireplace.

I saw one of the doors swing open and then the other. The shelves inside were piled with bundles of papers three or four inches wide.

Mr. Minot's road maps and travel folders, I thought calmly.

He reached in, took one of them out and looked at it, and went on through the cupboard, looking at the cover of each bundle. He looked at the last one for a long time, folded it again, and put it back in place with the others, and then put the whole bundle in his inside pocket.

After a moment he turned and

(*Continued on page 54*)

Any Boy Can

Folks, meet Grampa—An oldster you won't forget inhabits a lively story

"O.K. In about fifteen or twenty minutes you come out. I'll tend to the build-up."

ILLUSTRATOR H. DISCHOFF

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

☆ BID could hardly contain himself. He was bursting with the news and his tough little legs carried his sixty-five pounds along with ecstatic speed. Sometimes he ran with short steps, sometimes with long ones, and in between—and out of sheer exuberance—with great bounds. He couldn't make up his mind which way to run in order to cover the most ground, and kept changing over again and again. Down past the dowel factory. Down the old logging road—two packed ruts with tufted grass between—and through the thick summer woods where ferns and wild grape tangled among the birch and swamp maples. His eyes gleamed and his cheeks were as red as though some one had slapped them smartly. His throat squeaked and gurgled with irrepressible sounds of delight.

"Hey, pa!" he yelled as he broke out of the woods.

But his father was still too far away, out on the dock, laying down a coat of paint on one of the boats; and besides, the big wooden sign—BOATS

Be President

BY FREDERICK NEBEL

FOR HIRE, BAIT FOR SALE—half hid him. Bid wished he hadn't yelled, anyhow; he wanted to keep the news till the very last second. He caught a glimpse of his sister Luella on the porch, ironing, her hair tied up in a knot, the white sailor pants she wore rolled up to her bare knees. Boy, he bet Luella'd be sore as a boil. Her and her airs!

"Pa!"

He skidded in under the sign, wrapped a freckled arm around one of the two-by-fours, and hung on, gasping for breath.

"Hey, pa! Hey, papa!"

Tom Kibby was bent over, being very careful about the blue stripe along the gunwale. "H'm-m?" He mouthed around his pipestem, unmoved.

Bid scrambled closer, twisting down and around in order to look up into his father's long, bony face.

"Pa, grampa's in the clink!"

He hopped up and down, striking his thighs.

Tom said, "Look out; you'll spoil my paint job."

"He socked a cop!"

"Well," said Tom, and finished a long paint stroke with the solemn preoccupation of a man who believes in doing one thing at a time, and that not oftener than is necessary.

"And he did more than that," Bid yelled on, struggling for attention, hopping from one foot to the other. "He—he knocked out T. K. and Ed Harrison. Knocked 'em cold. With a baseball bat."

Tom leaned back, eying coolly the line of the gunwale. "What's he doing with a baseball bat?"

"Pa, you don't *understand!*"

"Course I understand. The old fool got in a fight and they tossed him in the clink. Comes of drinkin' T. K. and Ed Harrison's hard cider. Tell your ma?"

"I ain't seen her yet. Boy, oh, boy, the way he socked that fresh cop Mojecki, I sure wish I'd 'a' seen it! *Sock!* A right cross t' the chin and a follow-up smack in the eye. Boy, there's life in the old dog yet!"

"Better tell your ma. I'm busy here."

Lu called from the porch, "What's all the commotion down there? Quit yelling, Bidwell."

Bid stalked off the dock, up the wooden steps that led to the old weathered house, which stood rather grandly, for all its disrepair, on a ledge above the lake.

"So you want to know what all the commotion's about?" Bid said as he reached the porch. He spat over the railing with zest and took a chesty hitch at his belt. "Well, Miss Luella *dear,*" he said, "it just goes to show that clothes don't make the man."

"You wait till you're dry behind the ears before talking about what makes a man and what don't. Anyhow, what's eating you?"

He had planned to be majestic in his delivery, but now he decided to be offhand, nonchalant. "Oh, nothing," he said. He jerked his thumb. "Just that grampa give that big bag of wind of a cop friend of yours a going over."

The iron in Lu's hand seemed to slam down on the metal rest of its own accord. Her eyes popped. "What?"

"Yeah. Sure. Grampa beat the living daylights outta him."

"What happened? Tell me what happened!" Lu was scared and angry and terror-stricken.

"You call, Lu?" Kate Kibby sang out from the back of the house.

"Mama, come here! Come here, mama!" Lu cried, the panic breaking in her voice, glittering in her dark lovely eyes. "It's about—about grampa. Oh, mama!" she moaned, wilting.

"Ah, what you throwing a fit about?" Bid said.

Kate came out drying her hands on her apron. "Well, what about grampa?" she asked, ready to make the best of the worst possible situation. She was remembering the time three months back when they'd cooled off grampa in the calaboose overnight for demanding the right as a free-born citizen to carry on a filibuster in town meeting against the zoning bill. They'd been unable to shut him up or get him off the platform, and it ended by his bouncing a water pitcher off First Selectman Ty Root.

Lu choked, "He—he hit Stan. He hit an officer of the law!"

"Hit ain't the word," Bid said. "He socked him—one, two—biff, bang! Like this."

"Stop showing off, Bid," Kate said without anger. "Where is he? Didn't he come home with you?"

"Home with me? Ha! He's in the clink."

"Oh, dear," Kate groaned, fanning herself with her apron. She wasn't much upset; just a little. But she was more irritated than anything. He'd never changed; he never would. He was her father and she'd pretty much got used to it by this time; but whenever it happened she couldn't help being upset and irritated. "Does your pa know?"

"Sure. But he's busy."

Kate looked over the rail at Tom making long, caressing strokes with the brush. He'd been going to paint that boat for the past two months. He would have to start it today, when she and Luella were busy with the ironing. Well, she'd better leave him at it, because if he laid off now he might not get around to it again for a week.

"Well, I better go down and see what's what," she said. "You come with me, Lu."

"No, no, no!" Lu pleaded, tears in her eyes. "I don't want to. I don't want to have people staring at me. He's always disgracing us. Oh, mama, I'm so ashamed!" She ran inside, through the house, into her room.

"Well," Kate sighed, and got her hat. "You better come, Bidwell," she said. She wanted some one along, some part of the family.

"Betcha!" Bid said manfully, taking her by the hand. "Come on, ma. Can I drive?"

"You certainly cannot! Grampa in trouble, and you want to drive!" She raised her voice. "Tom, I'm going to the village to see about grampa."

She went with Bid down to the rickety garage, got in the car, took a death grip on the wheel, and stepped on the starter. As she backed out, she saw Tom coming over, his stride slow, his long body rocking easily from side to side. He climbed in back.

Warmth crowded in under Kate's heart and she breathed deeply. Tom was good if you didn't push him, if you let him get around to a thing by himself, taking his own sweet time.

☆ THE Town Hall was on the east side of Post Office Square, opposite the post office. The building, two-storied frame with a Mansard roof, was set back about twenty feet, with lawn between it and the sidewalk, and black-painted pipe railing to keep people off the grass. There was a bronze memorial to the war dead on one half of the lawn and a tall flagpole on the other half. Some men in shirt sleeves were hanging around out front, talking desultorily or just standing gazing off and smoking. They all nodded respectfully to Kate, tipping their hats, those who wore hats, and

passing the time of day with Tom. It was just as if nothing at all had happened.

Two Boy Scouts in uniform were sitting on the Town Hall steps, and one of them, a fat boy with plump knees and a loose lower lip, leered as Bid came tagging up behind his parents. Bid stopped and let them get inside the vestibule. Then he said:

"What's so funny?"

"Nothing. Except maybe you, Halfpint."

"Is 'at so? You know what my grampa did to that cop, don't you? Well, that's how much me or my grampa cares for uniforms—any kind of uniforms." He snapped his fingers. "*That's* what *I* care for uniforms!"

"Grow up and come around sometime, small change, and I'll slap you down."

Bid raked him up and down with a look of dark contempt. "Fat Francis!" was all he could say, but with immeasurable scorn. "Fat Francis! Yanh!"

☆ HE banged in through the vestibule, consciously squaring his shoulders, sticking his chest out, holding his arms akimbo. His mother and father were poking along down the corridor, his father hanging back, rubbing his nose. Bid wished his father would walk straight up, bold and reckless, the way grampa did. Grampa wasn't afraid of anybody. He thought he heard grampa's voice.

"I hear him," Kate said. "Come on."

"Come on, Bid," Tom said.

"I'm coming. The clink's on the top floor, in back."

"Shut up about the clink," Kate said. "I hear him down here. It's in Judge Henry Erling's office, I think." She knocked on the ground-glass panel of the door.

Somebody yelled, "Come in!"

Kate opened the door and stuck her head around the edge of it. "Is there a trial or something?"

Judge Henry Erling laughed. He was sitting on his desk swinging his fine-trousered legs. "Trial? Heavens no, Kate. Come in. Come in, Tom. Hello, Bidwell."

"Hi, y'r Honor," Bid said respectfully. "Hi, grampa," he said, man to man. He gave Officer Stan Mojecki a stony stare, and felt cheated because Stan didn't notice him.

"Grampa," Kate said, gulping, feeling weak and soft inside.

"Hello, daughter," he said, taking his pipe out of his mouth without unfolding his arms. He looked preoccupied and indignant in a perfectly composed manner, his beak of a nose in the air, his blue eyes remote in the wrinkled brown webbing of his old face, his close-cropped bristly hair standing straight up.

"Oh, hello, Stan," Kate said.

She didn't know where to begin and wished Judge Henry Erling would stop smiling. Because the Harrison brothers, T. K. and Ed, looked the worse for wear and tear. A leg of Ed's pants was ripped; there was a cut on his jaw and a lump on his head. T. K. was wearing a bandage round his head and kept looking gloomily at the knuckles of his right hand, which were skinned. There wasn't a mark on grampa. His white shirt was spick and span, his yellow arm garters were neatly in place, and he still had his upper plate.

Suddenly T. K. Harrison stood up and said angrily, "All right, all right; then we won't make any charges. Come on, Ed."

The two brothers stamped to the door, and Ed paused long enough to point a finger at grampa and say, "After this, mind your own business. When I see the day I don't know my own dog, I'll know it."

"You're an ingrate," grampa said coldly. "You sure as hell shake my faith in human nature."

The brothers growled off down the corridor, and grampa stood up and said, "Where's my hat? The day I darken the Harrisons' door again I hope to choke! What brought you down here, daughter?"

Kate was bewildered. "Bid said you"—she glanced at Stan Mojecki—"hit an officer."

Stan laughed outright, throwing his head back and slapping his sides with the flat of his hands.

"Well," grampa said, glaring at him, "I was a mind to, the holt you had on me."

Stan swiveled in his shiny boots. "Who's been kidding you, Bid?"

"Everybody said so," Bid said defensively. "The kids—I heard the kids—" He stopped short, swallowing, feeling his face and neck go crimson. That dirty Fat Francis Iggleson—the rat! His jaw jutted. "Well, anyhow," he said, "grampa sure gave them Harrisons a going over."

Stan looked at the judge and both laughed as if it were a great joke.

"Come on, daughter," grampa said officiously, shooing them all toward the door.

Stan said, "Tell Lu I'll be out around eight."

☆ KATE was glad to get out, though nothing made any sense; and because she was befuddled and still uneasy, she gripped Tom's arm. Grampa walked ahead, with Bid hanging on to his hand and skipping.

"Honest, grampa, didn't you sock him—the cop?"

"No, doggone it, I didn't, Bid. But I sure laid that mean-mannered dog out."

"Darn it!" Bid muttered under his breath.

They drove out of town, past the Congregational church, Tom at the wheel now and Kate beside him, and Bid and grampa in back. Bid looked morose and dejected, but grampa sat up straight, watching the scenery, keeping his bony, big-veined hand hooded over the bowl of his pipe. Every once in a while, thinking back, he gave a sharp derisive snort.

"Well," Kate said, as they turned down the woods road, "what happened, grampa?" By now, she thought, it was safe to ask; and anyhow, she wanted to get straightened out before she saw Lu.

"Old fools!" grampa said. "Both of them. Ed as well as T. K. Saying I did it deliberate, the old fools!"

"Did what?" Kate said.

"With the baseball bat. I always said that dog was a mean-mannered one. Well, I see now where he gets his mean manners."

"The dog nip at you?"

"Me?" grampa said, and scoffed. "Course not! Why'd he nip at me? I always give him a wide berth." He gestured with his pipe. "Ed he nipped at. Dog was laying on the porch snoozing, and me and T. K. sitting there with the radio turned on, listening to the ball game. Ed strolls out reading a paper, and stumbles over the dog, and the dog takes a nip at his pants. Plain mean-mannered. Well, he's Ed's dog, and Ed ain't taking no sass from him, so he lets go a boot. In a minute they're tangled, and T. K. jumps in, and then all three, them and the dog, are thrashing around on the floor. That dog is wild mad, and I get me the baseball bat and with one swing I lay him out cold. Of course, what with one thing and another, and them all mixed up a-fitting and fighting, you wouldn't expect me to hit the dog the first time."

"Oh," said Kate.

☆ "I TRIED my best," grampa grumbled. "But it stands to reason, I didn't *mean* to clout Ed and T. K. Accidents will happen."

Kate felt like bristling. "Of course, grampa. Don't you ever darken their door again."

" 'Deed I won't, daughter. What you mooning about, Bid?"

"Oh, nothing," Bid said.

Tom drove into the garage. Kate said, "Well, back the same day," and started toward the house. Tom poked along back to the landing, and Bid, after a scowl at the porch, where Lu was ironing again, went down to half-heartedly skate stones out across the water. Grampa climbed the wooden steps proud as a tomcat, his grin wicked and feline beneath the sharp slant of his fancy Panama hat.

"Well, Duchess," he said, "your knight in shining armor'll be out about eight," and breezed on into the house.

Lu kept her eyes down, her lips grim.

Kate said, "Wasn't anything, Lu. Bid got the part about Stan all balled up."

Lu was not to be mollified, even by her mother. She ironed away, slamming the iron up and down the board vengefully. Kate's voice went on, telling what had happened; and toward the end of the recital her elbows jerked up and down indignantly and she looked as if she felt like taking a swing at somebody—particularly the Harrison brothers. With a few shakes of her shoulders she subsided and was quiet again, tucking under some wind-blown strands of hair. But Lu wouldn't give in.

(*Continued on page 46*)

Paradox in Swingtime

The Strange Case of Artie Shaw

BY BARBARA WAKE

$250,000-a-year success made him unhappy! Now he's pursuing a dream . . . Here's why

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

☆ ARTIE SHAW, the B. Shaw of Swing—B. for Bernard, if you know what I mean—is coming back.

Perhaps you didn't know he had been away. But, to his put-upon public of "bugs and bugesses," Artie has been for several months, to all jittering intents and purposes, a dead duck.

Of course they knew, these millions, that Artie's thoughts, like Don Quixote's, had "run a wool-gathering"—*Lana*, in Spanish or Mexican or something, meaning "wool," which, as every young girl should know, is the chief ingredient of sweaters—but that was about all they did know of the doings of their self-exiled King of Swing.

Now, if they have any breath left, they can breathe easily. Artie has seen his duty and is going all out for Shaw. He is not only coming back himself, but he is going to bring the others back, the "jitterbugs." He is going to bring them back alive but not so jittery.

That abdication cost Artie plenty. The twenty-eight-year-old boy was earning $250,000 a year! But he has earned a lot by passing up all that money for a while: he has earned the right to self-respect.

"When I had reached the so-called top," he says, "I had also reached the end, so far as musical progress was concerned."

And now "the bad boy who eats three live jitterbugs for breakfast," who "pulled the man-bites-dog stunt" of walking out on his paying public, is about to realize his dreams. This fall he will put into working form the ideas he has had for a big symphony-to-swing band. Beginning October 1, he will tour the country with a 50-piece orchestra, playing straight concerts. None of the dates played will allow for dancing.

A dance band without dancing! Who but a Shaw would have thought of that one? Who but a Shaw would have a chance to get away with such a paradoxical program? Who but—Well, let's look at the fellow.

Of course Shaw's name is really not Shaw but something unpronounceably Polish. Orshofsky will do And, like most everybody that is anybody in the upper brackets of American show business, he was born on New York's lower East Side.

Pa Shaw was a photographer; but taking pictures didn't pay, so Ma Shaw, with her needle, had to carry most of the load. Ma knew her stuff, developed into a dress designer. Pa Shaw gave up the shutters and took up the scissors. Then he gave up the East Side and moved the family to New Haven.

New Haven did not prove to be the dress-designing center that Pa Shaw had visioned it. Artie helped out after school. Vacations he worked in a grocery shop for five dollars a week until he had saved forty dollars to buy a saxophone. Thereafter school and grocery store saw him no more. He had to study music. Five lessons came with the horn; Artie took two of them. That was his musical education. He won five dollars, a full week's salary all in one lump, just by playing Charlie, My Boy at a local amateur night, and at fifteen he became a member of Johnny Cavallaro's band.

What immediately followed can be told, and has been told with variations, of most struggling musicians who reach the top. The boy formed his own band; wandered far afield into lands of promises that were never kept; slept on benches in the park; dishwashed for his supper; went three days without food.

Finally, in Louisville, Kentucky, he found a band leader who would listen to him. This time it was his saxophone rendition of Tiger Rag that did the trick. Whereupon Artie, being that way, decided he didn't care for a saxophone anyway. He was, he decided, a clarinetist.

He was right. The licorice stick, as the players call it, was his lollipop. On no lessons and a thirty-dollar clarinet he became one of the finest clarinet players in the whole history of American music.

Back in New Haven again, Johnny Cavallaro, his old leader, offered him a job. He took it. Other local engagements followed, until finally our A. W. O. L. high-school freshman turned up—presumably as a graduate student in clarinetology—in the ranks of the now famous Yale Collegians band.

Next came a job in Cleveland, where Artie blossomed forth as an arranger. And it was as an arranger, by the way, not as a sucker or blower of the licorice stick, that Artie Shaw was to get

his first taste of real fame and real money. This came, of course, several years later, when, by a simple arrangement which will always be connected with his name, Arranger Shaw lifted Clarinetist Shaw from comparative obscurity, and in the lifting saved the life of a grand old song, Begin the Beguine.

But to get back to Cleveland. Musically, A. Shaw was on his way. Personally, however, he had several hazards to jump. One of them was Miss Jane Carns of Ashtabula, Ohio, and another was Miss Margaret Allen of New York City, with both of whom, at different times, he found himself in love, but with neither of whom he could find happiness in marriage. The first mating lasted only three months, the second upward of a year.

Coincident with the second foray into matrimony occurred the first of Artie's recurrent attempts to "get away from it all."

In the early and middle '30s Artie was getting $500 a week as a clarinetist, and as an arranger he was becoming known throughout the trade, but from his point of view, which is peculiarly his own, he wasn't getting anywhere at all. He had come under the influence of that already legendary figure, Bix Beiderbecke, the famed Dixieland trumpeter who is generally regarded as the greatest of all swing masters. When Bix died, Artie decided to quit the band game for life. He would write—first a book about Bix Beiderbecke, then later many books, presumably about Artie Shaw. And he would read.

The reading came off all right but the writing didn't.

The Bucks County, Pennsylvania, farm which he had purchased for his experiment used up most of his savings. The digging job with a Pennsylvania road gang which he was forced to take to buy food, used up most of his time and strength. The pretty little nurse, Margaret Allen, current wife with whom he was supposed to be honeymooning, very possibly found life something less than exciting. Anyhow, Artie decided he was not a writer and (or because) he was not in love.

☆ BACK on Broadway again he suddenly found himself writing in notes instead of words. His first effort he called Interlude in B Flat. He had just completed it when he was invited to play a clarinet solo at a grand swing festival on the stage of Manhattan's Imperial Theater, at which the biggest name bands—Goodman's, Dorsey's, Crosby's, Casa Loma, etc.—were to do their stuff.

Artie appeared, but not as a soloist. It had long been his theory that wind instruments weren't much good without string instruments. The strings don't have to jazz. They shouldn't, Artie thinks. They should play legitimate music legitimately. He and his wind instruments will attend to the illegitimacy. They'll swing against a background of string—each type performing according to its gifts, those gifts welded into harmony by what? By Shaw, of course!

That's the A. Shaw-B. Shaw idea. "Symphony-to-jazz," Variety calls it.

Well, the idea is still new, but it was unheard of when Shaw came back from Bucks to Broadway. He dug up four fellows named Joe, molded them into a string quartet, taught them Interlude, and walked out on the Imperial stage before the most critical audience ever assembled to hear popular music.

And he wowed them. Next morning he was flooded with telegrams offering him all kinds of openings—hotels, restaurants, dance halls—not as a performer but as a band leader. Overnight, or so it seemed, all his dreams had come true.

After deliberation he selected a New York date, a major hotel, enlarged his group to fourteen pieces and settled down to a six months' run. The pay was good. The draw was fair. But it soon became apparent to Shaw that the larger public wasn't yet ready for his kind of music. He must go out and get a "rep" playing the other kind. So, regretfully, he re-formed his orchestra into the conventional jazz mold and took to the road for two long dreary years.

Finally word seeped back to Broadway that this time Artie had done it, and when he came into town again, the enthusiasm was "terrific."

Then came Begin the Beguine and the beginning of big time and big money for Artie Shaw.

☆ THE Shaw records—Back Bay Shuffle, Non-Stop Flight, Jungle Love, Indian Love Call, At Sundown, I'm Yours, Comin' On, and his theme song, Nightmare—hit all-time phonograph highs. On the radio with Bob Benchley, the band shot to the top of nationwide popularity polls. Personal appearances added their mite—a $10,000 weekly mite—and then, of course, Hollywood had to chip in. All of which made the unpredictable Mr. Shaw very unhappy.

Shaw, as you may have gathered, is a musician—a deeply sincere one. He believes that there are two kinds of music, not popular and classical, not jazz and symphonic, but good and bad; and he believes that all music played by dance bands—including his own, when he has one—is bad.

He likes the money and he likes the fame, but he hates the way he gets them, and nothing in the world, not even an income of $250,000 a year, can keep from occasionally gnawing at his vitals that old feeling that he isn't getting anywhere at all.

Artie went to Hollywood. But Interlude in B Film got him down. He fought with everybody on the set, including, and especially including, the picture's nifty little blonde starlet, Lana—for wool—Turner. And then, climactically, he closed his Hollywood season by picking up a couple of streptococci germs which sent him to Good Samaritan Hospital.

Back on his feet and on Broadway, richer and unhappier than before, our melancholy maestro took up the dreary business of earning $12,500 a week. But his brief vacation from jitterbugs, plus lingering jitters of his own as a hang-over from his serious illness, had unfitted him to cope longer with his public.

To be fair it should be said that his resentment was not wholly against the jitterbugs. His only complaint against them was that, in their insistence on just one kind of music, they had become "as conventional as their great-grandparents who danced to the polka," and by their conventionality hampered the development of a wholly unconventional and wholly desirable art form. His resentment was against the music business as a business.

Tin-Pan Alley is tougher than tin. The song publishers control the songs, and without good numbers the best band is sunk. The only way to get the good ones, in the case of most bands, is to plug the bad ones, if the publishers insist.

☆ NOW, of course, Shaw had reached the point where publishers were begging to give him their richest pickings. But he was sick of the insincerity, the cutthroat commercialism. So one fateful night at the Pennsylvania he picked up his feet and walked right out on $12,500 per.

He did not hesitate to explain his reasons to a gasping press. His feelings about the music business went right over the Broadway squad's head. Besides, it wasn't news. But a chance remark he made about jitterbugs being morons was news—and how! Artie's sorry for that remark now. He never did mean it to refer to all bugs, only the buggiest. But he made the headlines as no orchestra leader has ever done before.

Speculation as to what he would do next was, as they say, rife. And the first thing he did was a big surprise.

He went back to Hollywood and married Lana Turner, the girl he had fought with through two months of picture-making.

Some four months later, the sudden marriage suddenly ended, and Artie was back again with his plans to wed symphonic music and jazz.

A twenty-three-piece orchestra, which he presented to cheering throngs on the Coast and which could have been booked solidly all season at $10,000 a week, convinced him that he had found the formula. It also convinced him that he didn't know enough yet about the symphonic stuff to compete successfully with Toscanini at the latter's own game.

So once more he quit the going when the going was particularly good. For months he has been studying classical music with Hans Bruns, refugee former director of the Berlin Staats Symphony, and now he is ready, with his fifty pieces, not to desert the music which made him famous but to glorify it, legitimatize it, bring it into its own.

To use his own phrase, he's going to make an honest woman out of jazz!

THE END

They are Greeks, and when they see me they raise their rifles. I raise my arms above my head.

Nazi Airmen got me—but I'll fight them again

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

Editor's Note: This was the last dispatch filed by Mr. Low before he went from Cairo into Syria and was captured.

Saga of courage!—An R. A. F. flyer's thrilling close-up of battle in the sky

as reported by Liberty's special war correspondent

ROBERT LOW

By cable from Cairo:

☆ A LOT had happened since the last time I'd seen the tall, thin youngster in the R. A. F. uniform who was coming up the steps of the hotel. Three months before we'd shared a tent on the edge of an airdrome in the wild mountains of Greece and flown together on a couple of raids over Albania. He'd been a happy-go-lucky kid who'd looked much too young for the responsibility of leading a flight of Blenheim bombers. Now he looked older and more serious, and as we shook hands I noticed he extended his left hand instead of his right.

We sat down on the terrace and ordered drinks. This is the story he told me, as he had written it in his diary:

☆ *Easter Sunday, April 13, 1941.* Long before dawn breaks over the Pindus Mountains in northern Greece I have to get up. I half dress myself in bed. While there is still a vestige of warmth in my feet I put them into my flying boots. Drawing on my suit, I slip a captured Italian automatic into my pocket and am ready.

I undo the tent and step outside. Stumbling over the uneven ground, I make my way to the OPS tent. This warms me up a bit. The crews already there are standing around in groups and talking about the news—remember, it is April 13 and the Germans are rolling down the Monastir Gap and flooding northwest Greece.

In a few minutes the C. O. arrives. Map in hand, he tells us where we are going to bomb. My flight is all present and accounted for. I am thinking, How much longer will our luck hold out? I am a great believer in luck, and our squadron has done hundreds of raids with less than 3 per cent casualties.

We split up and walk over to our machines. I am with my crew—two lads my own age—and one of them is singing We Three. I like it. Besides, as we walk I am thawing out.

Seated in the cockpit, I begin to feel important. The fitter is waiting for my signal to start up; men are at the chocks; everything awaits my order. I look at my watch and set the clock on the dashboard. A minute or so to go. I feel fine. Then I taxi out and take my position at the end of the field, and the other two machines in my flight form up on either side. A wave of the hand, and the three of us start bumping over the uneven field. Circling around, I slide into position in the "box," directly below and behind the leading flight.

Dawn is just breaking over endless ranges of snow-capped mountains—a wonderful sight, if you go for stuff like that. I take one look and then concentrate on flying in close formation, and as the minutes slip by I begin to wonder how this raid will go. It is too early for enemy fighters, but there is sure to be ackack. And it is sure to be pretty rotten, because the Italians don't know how to coordinate their fire.

Presently we turn a bit to run up on the target—a road junction in a small valley. I fly steady and level and the bomb aimer gets ready to send a ton of bombs crashing down to the road below. There is a slight jar and I know the bombs have gone.

The bomb aimer is leaning forward to watch the burst, and I fly on till he gives me the "Thumbs up." Then I swing away and head for home. No fighters, very little ackack. That's the kind of raid I like.

Back at our base, between mouthfuls of tinned bacon and eggs, we talk of the next raid. There is just time for a shave before we're off again. Provided our luck holds, we may do four raids today—which will be a record for our squadron. This one is my fortieth raid in Greece and it's almost becoming a routine. This time, as before, "All our aircraft return safely."

At two thirty the "raid" signal goes yet again. Then we are in the air again and heading for Florina. We leave Jannina on our right, then Koritza on our left. I see hundreds of heavy lorries leaving Koritza as the Greeks

(Continued on second page following)

New Mildness! New Richer Lather!

NEW "VELVET-SUDS" IVORY SOAP! . . .

"IT'S ACTUALLY MILDER!

New Ivory's velvety lather feels so creamy and smooth on my skin. Yes... that wonderful new mildness makes Ivory kinder than ever to complexions — even skins that tend to be dry. *My* complexion *thrives* on these daily Ivory cleansings!"

"HERE'S RICHER, CREAMIER LATHER!

Thick suds come foaming off that big white cake of New Ivory with just a rub or two! Gosh, this sudsy Ivory bath gives me a lift —makes me feel swell!"

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QUICKER, EASIER SUDS IN HARD WATER!

It's grand to get *a third more suds* in our hard water! They're extra gentle suds, too—so easy on my hands. And yet they clean up greasy dishes just as fast as strong soaps!"

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—kinder to skin—proved in tests against 10 leading toilet soaps.

—it has the famous Ivory mildness which for years has led doctors everywhere to advise Ivory for baby and adult skin.

COMPARE IT FOR BATH

Richer, Creamier Lather!

—it's quicker-sudsing than leading bath soaps.

—it gives more suds per cake.

—it's kinder to your skin, of course.

COMPARE IT FOR DISHES

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(*Continued from second page preceding*)
evacuate it. I think it is a great pity, after they fought so hard to capture the place. We fly on, and presently, as we cross the last range of mountains, I see the target. And I also see that the road leading into Florina from Yugoslavia is packed with German transport lorries, tanks, guns. That's for us.

I don't look at the target any more now, because I'm too busy keeping in exact formation. I know we are getting close, however, when I see some black puffs of coiled smoke puncture the sky around us. I grip the stick hard and moisten my lips while I wait to see the bombs fall from the leading machine. The seconds go by . . . maybe a minute, maybe more . . . and then I see the bombs tumble out of the belly ahead of me, and I feel the jar which tells that ours have gone. We fly straight on while the photographs are taken and necks craned to see the bombs strike.

☆ JUST then the bomb aimer nudges me and points ahead and below. "Fighters!" he yells. I see a few Messerschmitt 109s circling around. The leader has also seen them, for the formation goes into a turn to the left and heads back the way we came. I am busy keeping good formation. We go into a shallow dive.

Then I hear my rear gunner open up and smell the burning cordite. That tells me the fighters have connected and we are having a running fight. I've had many a scrap with Italian fighters and not worried about it, so I don't get the wind up just because these happen to be Jerries.

We are diving pretty fast now, and I am still under the leader's tail. We turn slightly and head for a valley leading down the other side of the mountains. I hear the bursts of our guns as the rear gunner keeps on firing, and I'm wondering how he's doing. Then the bomb aimer points to my port engine, and I see streaks of tracer and incendiary bullets passing under it. I think that is pretty good shooting, but I'm still not worrying.

The rear gunner stops firing, and I'm just about to ask him if his gun has jammed when the bomb aimer again points to the engine. I start to do things—throttle back, switch off engine, undo safety belt—but we just haven't got a chance. In a few seconds the aircraft is blazing and sheets of scorching flame sweep forward from the well into the cockpit. Through the telephone I yell, "Jump!"

I raise myself up to get out through the roof. I see the bomb aimer beside me, fumbling with his pack. What can I do? I don't seem to be afraid—although, God knows, another ten seconds in here and I'll be roasted alive. As it is, my gloves are burning and I can't keep my eyes open for more than a second at a time.

In a flash I realize that we must jump now or never. The heat is terrific as wave after wave of red flame sweeps through the cockpit. I look down to earth—we'll never make it.

I feel no sense of falling. I am suspended in mid-air, rolled up in a ball, and looking down at the earth about three hundred feet below. I pull the rip cord good and hard, and I feel a little jerk as the pilot chute springs away from the pack. When the main chute opens there is only a gentle firm pressure around my thighs and crotch. A great silence seems to be descending with me.

Then I hear a crackling and the sound of shots below, and I see my machine blazing on the ground about half a mile away, with all the ammunition going off. I am only fifty feet from the ground, so I don't have many torturous moments wondering if I'm going to be machine-gunned. I land on my left side in a ditch.

For a moment I just stand there and thank God I'm alive. Then I undo my harness and take off my helmet, hide the chute in the ditch, start walking south. I don't go over to my machine, because I know that no one could have lived through that crash.

Presently I see some soldiers. And am I happy! They are Greeks. There are only about six of them, and when they see me they raise their rifles. I take no chances and raise my arms above my head.

Very cautiously they close in on me. I keep on saying, "Anglica" and "Inglese," but they search me and take that *Italian* automatic! They find my wallet with my pass in it—but I am out of luck: they can't even read their own language. So they march me off with a rifle stuck in my back.

Soon we meet a group of peasants. An old man questions me with his few words of broken English, but we don't get very far. Just then a Greek officer rides up, and fortunately he speaks French. He is soon satisfied about my identity. Transport is very scarce, but the Greeks help me all they can, and I get a lift down the line to a small town north of Larissa, where I find an advanced R. A. F. unit.

The next morning I learn there is an aircraft returning to base. I ask the pilot who is going to fly me down what he will do if we are attacked by enemy fighters.

"Dive to the deck and outmaneuver them," he replies. "Besides, you will be the rear gunner, so you will have plenty to do."

☆ WE take off. I look back over the tail as we climb, and watch Mount Olympus in the distance. In the afternoon sun it looks so quiet and peaceful. Yet in its shadow a grim action is being fought, and—

Suddenly the machine goes into a dive. I look up and see five ME 109s peeling off for a stern attack. For the first split second I am neither surprised nor frightened—I don't know why not; I should be. I try to fire the gun. It doesn't work. I see that I haven't pulled the cocking handle or even moved the safety catch. I fix that and aim again.

Bullets come crashing into the machine and tear through the port wing. I go on firing, but we are diving like hell and it's difficult to aim properly. Each time a fighter closes in over the tail I see bullets coming at us. They look like silvery pencil lines drawn on blue paper, all converging on us. They look terrible. What's it going to feel like when a burst comes tearing into my chest or stomach or some place? I'm still wondering when I feel a blow on my right hand and it is pulled away from the gun. I go to grab the gun again, when I notice my hand is a mass of blood. The two middle fingers are missing—shot away.

Now this does shake me a bit. I hold my arm tight against my side and go on firing with my left hand. But not for long. With a sudden colossal thump, we hit the ground and go somersaulting across a field. I am thrown all over the place. The aircraft has broken into two pieces and I am in the tail half. The noise is terrific.

Finally the wreckage comes to rest and I am thrown forward on my face. I hear the pilot shout, "Are you all right? Run like hell!" I try to, but my left leg just collapses, and I see that the knee is all wrong. I start crawling, and the pilot comes to my aid. He was thrown clear and is uninjured.

☆ THEN, with a roar, the Messerschmitts come sweeping down, spattering bullets. Flinging ourselves flat on the ground, we manage to crawl about fifty feet without being hit. I look at my hand. "Handkerchief—left-hand pocket—tourniquet," I say between groans, and the pilot gets busy. He tightens up the tourniquet, and I hold the pencil to keep it tight. Groaning seems to be the only thing that eases the pain.

The German fighters have gone now, and the pilot runs over to find the first-aid kit. Some Greek peasants try to carry me to the main road, but my leg hurts like hell and they have to put me down. For hours I sit back, keeping a firm hold on the tourniquet. Finally an R. A. F. car arrives to pick me up.

As we reach the next town an air raid starts, and the driver pulls the car in to the side of the road. Every one gets out and shelters under a wall. But I stay in the back of the car and just don't care any more. The bombs make a loud *crump* as they land all over the place, and I can feel the blasts rock the car. This is the first time I've ever really been in among the bombs in a raid, and it's not so bad as I thought. . . .

Some hours later we halt at an emergency airdrome. When the doctor comes, he says, "Alan, I'm going to send you off in an aircraft to Athens." So, laid out in the fuselage wrapped in blankets, I'm off to do some more flying. And I think it's going to take more than the lack of a couple of fingers to keep me permanently from climbing back into the pilot's seat where I belong. And the sooner the better!

THE END

Real Name Quiz

Do You Know the Real Names of These Famous Persons?

BY BARBARA MACLAREN

1 LYNN BARI

2 GEORGE BRENT

3 ETHEL MERMAN

4 JACK BENNY

5 MARLENE DIETRICH

6 EDDIE ALBERT

7 BINNIE BARNES

8 MISCHA AUER

9 SUSAN HAYWARD

10 STEPIN FETCHIT

11 JAN STRUTHER

12 EDWARD G. ROBINSON

(Answers are listed on next page)

Do You Know the Stage Names of These?

1. Shirley Levy
2. Archibald Leach
3. Gladys Greene
4. William Henry Pratt
5. Virginia Katherine McMath
6. Arturo Antonio Gaxiola
7. Constance Keane
8. Lewis D. Offield
9. Ruby Stevens
10. Ralph Zink
11. Mae Green
12. William Beedle
13. Jane Peters
14. John Sullivan
15. Wilma Wyatt
16. Dominic Felix Amici
17. Dawn Evelyeen Paris
18. Julian La Faye
19. Virginia Helen Briggs
20. Jacques de Bujac

(Answers appear on pictures on next page)

13 BRENDA MARSHALL

14 RICHARD ARLEN

15 HEDDA HOPPER

16 LEW AYRES

17 KAREN MORLEY

18 AL JOLSON

19 JANE BRYAN

20 JOHN BARRYMORE

The Stage Names of Famous Persons Listed on Page 35

1 CAROL BRUCE

2 CARY GRANT

3 JEAN ARTHUR

4 BORIS KARLOFF

5 GINGER ROGERS

6 BILLY GAXTON

7 VERONICA LAKE

8 JACK OAKIE

9 BARBARA STANWYCK

10 DONALD WOODS

11 JEAN PARKER

12 WILLIAM HOLDEN

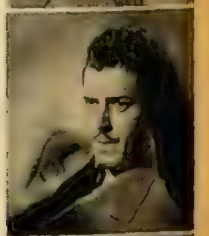
13 CAROLE LOMBARD

14 FRED ALLEN

15 DIXIE LEE

16 DON AMECHE

17 ANNE SHIRLEY



18 JOHN CARROLL

19 VIRGINIA BRUCE

20 BRUCE CABOT

The Real Names of Famous Persons Pictured on Page 35

1. Marjorie Bitzer
2. George Nolan
3. Ethel Zimmerman
4. Benny Kubelsky
5. Mary Magdalene von Losch
6. Edward Heimberger
7. Gittell Enouce
8. Mischa Ounskowski
9. Edythe Marrener
10. Lincoln Perry
11. Joyce Anstruther
12. Eddie Goldenberg
13. Ardis Ankerson
14. Richard S. Van Mattimore
15. Elda Furry
16. Frederick Lewis Ayer
17. Mildred Linton
18. Asa Yoelson
19. Jane O'Brien
20. John Blythe

THAT HEEL OF A SEAL—Continued from Page 14

He told Sue good night and helped Gil drop Murphy over into the back seat, and then Gil and Sue were driving along over deserted streets to town. Gil felt incredibly good.

"What a fine night's work!" he said. "I had no idea it would be so much fun."

"I know," she said. "I didn't, either."

Gil thought what the hell, he might as well be a man about it.

"Look," he said. "I have to tell you something. I'm on the Mousetrap. I'm the one that gave you the works. Now here I am covered with confusion and feeling pretty silly about it."

"Oh, I knew that," she said. "I saw your picture in one issue; and then, you signed the piece, you know."

"Oh," Gil said hollowly. Then, after a moment: "But, gosh, how did you happen to come along tonight?"

"Well, I wanted to be sure Joe got back to the hotel," she said. "They're a little down on him for sort of losing track of things a time or two lately. He's inclined to get tight now and then and turn up absent, but he's not a bad guy and I'd hate to see him lose his job." She was silent a moment and then said, "And then, I guess I sort of wanted to see what sort of fellow would pick on somebody just because of some stupid studio publicity."

☆ "O SINS, O sins," Gill moaned, "why must you come home to roost with those long sharp claws? But damn it," he added, "how could you let them do the M-munnnh! stuff? You don't have to stand for just *anything*, do you?"

Sue said: "I'm very backward about arguing with people who pay me four hundred a week when I know I'm not worth it. I want to stay on hand long enough to learn a little, so maybe by the time they give me a chance to keep my clothes on and act like a genuine person I'll know how to do it."

"Sure, sure," Gil said glumly. "That's perfectly obvious, of course—now." Then he said bitterly: "Well, I guess I sure came up to expectations, all right."

"But you didn't," she said. "I thought you'd be sort of—sort of stupid and conceited, but you're not. You're—nice."

"Sure," Gil said. "Merely thoughtless. Merely the worst thing you can be in print; especially when you're printing things about people."

"Oh, forget it," she said. "It doesn't matter any more than the studio publicity. What counts is how I make people feel when they see me on the screen, and that's up to me. I guess I haven't much natural ability," she said, with a sigh, "but I'll learn some day."

"You know," Gil said slowly, "I guess you will, at that. That's—how old are you?"

"Twenty."

Gil was twenty-one. After a second he said, "You're a pretty remarkable person, in case you didn't know it."

She shook her head. "I'm just pretty and happen to have a certain set of measurements and found a way I can get a lot of things I've never had or thought I might have. That's all."

"Maybe so," Gil said, "but I don't think so." He slowed down a little; they had only a block to go. When they'd gone half of it he said: "Look. It doesn't mean anything, but I'd just like for you to believe it, because it's true—I just want to be sure the record's straight. I think you're pretty swell."

He stopped by the curb, a little way up from the hotel entrance.

She said: "All right. I think I will believe it, then." She was looking straight ahead. "I—thanks. It does mean something." And she added: "Don't brood about the other. I don't mind. Really."

"I do. But I think I can fix it. I guess," he added tentatively—"I guess I won't see you any more, maybe."

She thought a moment. "I'm afraid not," she said. She had arrived just in time for her appearance this night, and the next day, Saturday, was full with a luncheon and a tour of the city and a matinee and an interview on the radio and that sort of thing; and after her evening appearance she had just time to catch a train for Columbus. Her family lived there and she would have a chance to spend two days with them.

"Well . . ." Gil said. He was looking at her, and she turned partly toward him now. "I—I had a nice time at your seal-stealing," he said.

"Yes." She smiled a little, sort of thoughtfully. "I had maybe the best time I've had in—in a long time." She was silent a second more. Then she leaned forward and put her hands behind his head and her lips on his and kissed him quite thoroughly.

Nothing like it had ever happened to him.

☆ NEWT was waiting in Hardy Moore's rooms when Gil got back, and Gil joined him, passing the time in dreamy contemplation of the night's events, particularly of the kiss.

Hardy showed up in about twenty minutes and his reaction was everything that could be desired. After reviling them briefly for having deserted him, he went into the bathroom for a drink of water, and came back out with a rush, wide-eyed, to announce that there was a seal in there.

Newt smiled at him tolerantly and shook his head a little and said to Gil, "Isn't he a wag?"

Then, when Hardy made them come look, they said:

"Gee, he's a big one, isn't he?"

"Have you had him long, Hard?"

"Tell me, Hard, do you find the pleasure of keeping a seal really worth the trouble?"

When Hardy was about to explode, they told him what had happened, and Hardy was enchanted. After that the three of them sat around about another half hour enjoying the gag, and then they all went to bed. Van Goonstruther all during this time had been most congenial and seemed well satisfied with things.

And so he seemed in the morning when Gil and Newt came across the hall from their rooms to see how he was getting on. He just stayed there in the tub, turning over and swishing a little now and then, sort of lazy and contented. At first.

Hardy wanted to know what they were going to do with him. "He's all right for a visit," Hardy said, "but I wouldn't want him to live here."

Gil said Murphy wouldn't try to use him for publicity, of course; he'd realize the gag was no good this morning. He or Vernon, Van G.'s owner, would probably call and arrange to come get him.

☆ "MURPHY may not know how to get hold of us at that, though," Gil said. "I'll just call him now."

He dialed the hotel and after a moment got Joe Murphy.

"This is Gil Fletcher," he said.

"Who?"

"Gil Fletcher."

"You'll have to forgive me, pal; I'm terrible at names. What's your paper?"

"I'm not on a paper," Gil said. "I'm calling about last night. I want to know—"

"Sorry, old man, but I'm very busy right now. Call me later, will you? That's a good fellow."

"Wait a minute!" Gil said. "This is *Gilbert Fletcher. You* remember! Last night! I want to know what we're going to do with our sleek wet friend. After all, we—"

"Damn it!" Murphy shouted. "Will you get off the phone so I can use it? I'm a busy man in my own right, and besides that I've got a friend on my neck who somebody stole his seal and the lousy cops can't find him and if we don't get him back the guy loses his billing—and you keep bleating about your wet friends, and I don't know them or even you. Now leave me alone!" He hung up emphatically.

Gil put the phone down slowly, and after a moment raised his eyes to their expectant faces.

He swallowed. "It looks," he said, "like we've sort of come into a seal."

Hardy Moore stated flatly: "I don't like that plural pronoun!"

"He drew a blank," Gil said disgustedly. "And he was either lying about Vernon or Vernon was drunk and drew a blank too."

He tried to get hold of Sue then to see if she could straighten things out; but she wasn't in, and he remembered her full schedule. They probably couldn't get hold of her all day.

"Just call the cops and tell 'em what happened and let the chips fall where they may," Hardy said.

But Gil wouldn't do that. He said that might ring Sue into it, and they had done enough to her already.

"That lug calling the cops," Newt said. "If they find out we've got him, we're liable to get flang in the jug."

Gil said: "No, it'll be all right. We just keep him till dark and then let

The Best Liquid Cleaner by Far . . . for Any Car!

Faster, Easier, and Makes Cars Exquisitely Beautiful!

Motorists everywhere are talking about the remarkable new Liquid Simoniz Kleener. They say, "It works like magic on any car. There's nothing else so fast, so easy to use, or makes the finish so gloriously beautiful." Of course, the world-famous Simoniz Kleener also comes in paste form. But, if you like a liquid for cleaning the finish, the new Liquid Simoniz Kleener is just what you've been hoping for. See for yourself! Get Liquid Simoniz Kleener today. It's wonderful for quick "shine-up." And then, to preserve the finish and keep your car beautiful, apply Simoniz!

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO, U.S.A.

MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

Sold everywhere at hardware, drug, grocery and auto supply stores, fill-in stations and garages

him loose in some vacant lot and phone the police anonymously where he is and everything is fixed. See?"

Hardy didn't like it much; it was his bathroom; but he finally agreed.

"Another thing, Hard," Gil said. "We ought to print a retraction on that piece. She's a swell kid—really she is."

But that was no good. Hardy said the kind of publicity she got was part of her job and the Mousetrap piece was aimed as much at her business as at her personally and would have to stand. Hardy was president of the Board and his say was final.

Gil thought a moment. Then he said, "I'll have to resign, Hard."

Hardy said slowly: "I hate to see you do it, chum, but that's the way I see it and an editor that won't back himself up isn't an editor."

Gil said sure, he guessed so. He felt kind of low. He had been counting on making that retraction. He went across the hall and wrote her a letter. It stated what he felt really better than he could have done in print, because it was for her eyes alone. At least she would know he had tried.

☆ HE had just sent it to her hotel by messenger, when Hardy came banging on the door and calling to hurry up over and help him.

Newt was out for cigarettes and Hardy was alone with Van Goonstruther. Van G. had turned on the water in the tub and wouldn't let Hardy turn it off. The tub was running over.

"When I try to turn it off, he bites me!" Hardy wailed.

"Heckle him," Gil said. "You heckle him." So Hardy stood just out of reach and pestered Van G. with a flipping towel, and Gil managed to slip past and shut off the water.

They thought they were all right then. But they just didn't know Van Goonstruther.

For a moment he merely slouched back in the tub and gave them a sort of surly, resentful inspection. Then he began to bark.

It was a very raucous, unrefined sort of bark and carried like anything.

"My heavens!" Hardy said. "We've got to stop that. People will hear it."

"I know," Gil said desperately. "I know!" He nerved himself and went into the bathroom, and turned on the shower above Van G., and played it on him and splashed it over everything, and this seemed to mollify him a bit.

Newt came in, and Gil tossed him some wet bills and said to get some fish in a hurry.

"I think he's hungry."

The place was a wet shambles when Newt got back, but the fish seemed to calm Van G. and they had a short breathing spell.

Gil sighed, "I never was so sick of a seal."

He was shortly sicker. It was the worst afternoon any of them had ever spent. Gil spent it in his underwear, dripping wet. For, having found he could make Gil play with the shower simply by barking, Van Goonstruther capitalized on this knowledge freely.

Newt thought maybe he was a musical seal and wanted to play, and he borrowed a saxophone down the hall from Bud Newman, who was out at the time. But either Van G. wasn't musical or else the sax wasn't his instrument. All he did was bite at it.

Hardy's once tastefully furnished apartment gradually became a soggy mess, because Van G. was all over the place by this time. Hardy just sat there watching glumly, like a man waiting for doom to strike.

It struck, too.

It arrived in the form of Bud Newman, coming along the hall with his St. Bernard, Monstro. They had the doors and windows all shut, of course, and Van Goon's barking, so far, hadn't carried far enough to cause any one to come nosing around. But just outside the door, in the hall, Bud heard it, and so did Monstro, and Bud opened the door to inquire what was going on, and that was that.

This Monstro was a dog that had himself a bark. It was deep and hollow but loud, like some one whanging a bass drum in a bathroom. He took one look at Van G., who was in the living room at the time, and produced a *woof* that made the furniture jump.

Van G. took a deep breath and barked right back. He outdid himself. Then Monstro. Then Van G. again. Then both at once, full-throated and indiscriminately.

They grabbed Monstro and tried to get him out of the door; but he weighed two hundred and eleven and was agile, and he just leaned on them and went right on barking, and Van G. kept right on answering.

The building trembled.

Of course people gathered in a hurry then. Among them was Professor Turner Catledge, faculty resident of Melvin Hall. He was bewildered and aghast, but mostly outraged.

"Moore," he said sternly, "are you responsible for this?"

Gil said, no, he was responsible; he had the seal, he said.

"And *what*, may I ask," Prof Catledge asked, "are you doing with a seal?"

Gil looked at him. "I don't know," he said helplessly. "This hasn't happened in years and years."

While the professor was still grappling with the remark and the whole weird situation, a policeman arrived.

☆ IT wasn't so very long at the police station, once they got there, but it was pretty confused.

Vernon was there, very irate; but Murphy wasn't, and while Gil would eagerly have implicated Murphy right up to Murphy's ears, he was afraid if he tried it might bring Sue into it too.

Vernon wanted Gil jailed for ninety years; but, while Gil would admit harboring the seal, he wouldn't plead guilty to having stolen him. The sergeant said if he had him, how did he get him? Gil said he didn't know. The sergeant bellowed what did he mean, he didn't know? Gil said he just couldn't understand it; one minute he

was just a young man with no encumbrances, and the next minute he looked up, and there he was with a seal. The sergeant pulled out a little hair and said, well, in that case, if Vernon wanted Gil convicted, he would have to prefer charges and have to appear for the trial; and Vernon said he couldn't be there but he demanded satisfaction.

The sergeant yanked out another small tuft and said how much? Vernon said fifty dollars. The sergeant said would Gil pay fifty dollars? Gil said sadly he guessed he would.

The sergeant let out a big sigh and said it was mighty irregular but to go ahead and please hurry up and get out and never let him see any of them again.

So Gil came out onto the street with exactly two dollars and sixty cents to his name and nearly a month till his next allowance came; but, in spite of everything, he had come through without letting Sue Charles down, and that was the main thing. So, looking at the thing as a whole, he didn't feel bad at all. In fact, he felt darned good: capable and about half noble, too.

And then, as they were driving home, Newt, who had got an evening paper, suddenly grunted and said, "Hey, look!" and handed the paper to Gil.

WALLACE MELTS EDITOR
Campus Critic Contacts
Cutie and Collapses!
Resigns in Shame.

☆ GIL'S throat got tight. There was a column, nearly, consisting mainly of his letter, with a few comments. Joe Murphy's hand was very evident.

Having met you, I could insist truthfully that you are a more than ordinarily nice sort of person, considerably more tolerant and sensible than most of us, for instance. I offered, naturally, to assume full blame for the original piece in our retraction, but I couldn't arrange for it.

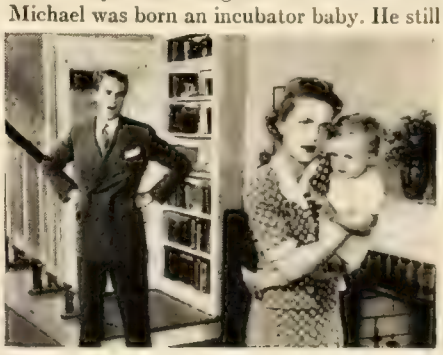
I resigned. I had no choice, of course, but I am sorry I could not make public amends of some sort. I ask you to believe I tried my best. . . .

There was more which was much more personal. Dizzy shame engulfed him and he could neither speak to nor look at Newt or Hardy on the way home. When they got there they had the knowing decency not to come in with him or try to talk to him.

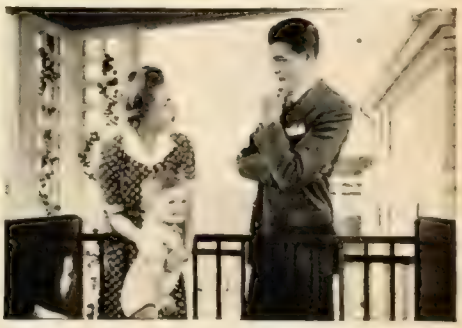
It was a bad thing. He had resigned from a magazine that meant a lot to him; he had played patsy for that heel of a seal; he had got wet and taken a chance on pneumonia; he had smelled a friend's room up like a fish market; he had spent almost his last dime; he had maybe got suspended or expelled in his senior year—all for a girl that he had thought was all right and who had kissed him reeling with one kiss. And what did he get for it—what did she give him in return? She merely spread his insides out on a newspaper for a little cheap publicity.

"But he's not an incubator baby any longer!"

1. Funny, the way my husband took it as a kind of personal disgrace when our little Michael was born an incubator baby. He still hates to think of it. And now that Michael's so fine and healthy (even 2 oz. *over*weight!) Mike's always after me to "treat him like a man!"



2. The other day Mike was on a regular rampage! "Holy smoke! He's a nice normal baby—why treat him like a hothouse flower? Special this, special that—even a special laxative! You've got more special gadgets for that kid than—"



3. "Say—wait a minute!" I said. "Those 'special gadgets,' as you call them, are just what's *made* Michael a nice normal baby. Of course I give him modern things designed for a baby's needs. I give him just what the doctor *tells* me to give him!"

4. "The doctor says you shouldn't treat a baby's delicate system like an adult's. A baby *needs* things designed especially for him. He gets special foods, so naturally he should get a special laxative. The *doctor* recommended Fletcher's Castoria!"

5. "He said Fletcher's Castoria is made especially and *only* for infants and children. There isn't a single harsh purging drug in it. It's effective but mild. It works mostly in the lower bowel so it isn't liable to upset a child's tiny system."

6. Well, Mike looked a little sheepish when I tossed all those facts at him. And when he saw how Michael *takes* Fletcher's Castoria and *loves* the taste . . . that settled it. I haven't had a single laxative squabble since!

HERE IS THE MEDICAL BACKGROUND

Chief ingredient of Fletcher's Castoria is senna.

Medical literature says: **(1)** In most cases, senna does not disturb the appetite and digestion or cause nausea . . . **(2)** Senna works primarily in the lower bowel . . . **(3)** In regulated dosages it produces easy elimination and has little tendency to cause irritation or constipation after use.

Senna is especially processed in Fletcher's Castoria to eliminate griping and thus allow gentle laxative action.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**
The SAFE laxative for children

A fine thing. A fine dame! He felt awful. He didn't try to decide whether it was because he had been an utter chump or because a kid he had thought was swell had turned out to have feet of clay clear up beyond her shapely nation-wide knees. It didn't matter. He felt awful either way.

He went over to the beanery for dinner late, when hardly any one was there.

Melvin Hall was empty when he got back. It was Saturday night and every one was out on frolic bent. Every one but Gilbert Fletcher. Gilbert Fletcher would sit in his room alone and glad of the solitude. . . .

It became eleven o'clock.

A freshman opened the door and said: "Some one to see you. Female. Out front in a cab." The freshman rolled his eyes. "A luscious dish."

Gil stood up. He took a jacket from a chair beside him and slipped into it as he went down the hall. He took one step at a time, not letting himself think. Carefully. Not hurrying. Calm.

He stopped on the sidewalk, short of the open door of the cab. She slid over to his side, and bit her lip once before she spoke.

"You see, Joe opened your letter. I just wanted to tell you. I wouldn't have let him. I won't do just—anything, you see. I didn't see it until—after."

He put his hand on the open door because his knees felt funny.

"It's all right," he managed. "You didn't have to bother." He made a little gesture with one hand. "After all," he said, "I guess I had it coming."

"No! No, you didn't. You were—your letter was— And then, about Van Goon—" She stopped. "Thanks for it," she said more softly. "Anyhow. I just wanted you to know I wouldn't do what it looked—do that—for anything."

"Oh," he said dumbly. And then: "But you—your family. You were going to see them and. . . ." His voice trailed off.

She looked down at her hands. "I—I can fly," she said. "In the morning. It'll just be an hour later than the train. I—I'm sort of scared of flying—mostly. But I—wanted to be sure you believed me."

He took a deep breath. "You don't have to go right now? You—" It was very silly, having to stop and catch his breath.

"Not till morning. Not till six. The plane leaves then."

"Then—" Again he stopped. Where do you take a movie star on two sixty?

She said a bit hesitantly: "I thought if you weren't busy we could maybe go some place. Some place where—could we go to a—a jook joint?" She looked at him uncertainly. "Is that right? Where you can get a bottle of beer and maybe dance a little and just talk? I've never been to one," she said. "That is, a nice one."

He looked at her. She had on a sweater and skirt and saddle shoes again. She looked swell; like a co-ed, pretty near. But it came over him that she had never been to college and didn't know what it was like and wanted once to be with people her own age who were in college and look and act like them for an evening; and a wave of tenderness engulfed him and made him turn his head a moment as he got into the cab, so she couldn't see his eyes.

"Joe's Clip Joint," he said to the driver. That's where every one would be. He sat looking straight ahead as the car moved from the curb.

So I'm not a chump, he thought. I'm not the one I thought I was. But maybe this is worse. I shouldn't be doing this. After tonight the way tonight will be, it's going to be bad tomorrow when she's gone. Because when she's gone she'll be all gone, now and forever.

He was aware that she had said something. "What? What did you say?"

"Nothing." Then, uncertainly: "I mean, I was just thinking, would it be silly not to—eat something, maybe, that was—awfully good, because you knew, because you thought there might not ever be any more of it—later on? Would it, maybe, do you think?"

He didn't think. Or talk. He didn't have to. His arms went out and enclosed her, and he held her tight, kissing her. The car just rolled on whisperingly over the dark, smooth street.

THE END

"Quick, Mary, look helpless"

MARY: *How's this? I hope it stops somebody... Mother never told me about jacks!*

JANE: *I know one thing—if we ever see town again, we'll switch.*

MARY: *Switch to what . . . a horse and buggy?*

JANE: *No, stupid! Switch to Goodrich. That's what Dad told us before we started.*

THE BEST FRIENDS to take on any trip are Silvertown tires. They'll protect you from dangerous blowouts and skids. And they'll pile up extra mileage, too!

Why? Because Duramin—called the "tire vitamin"—puts life and fight into rubber, keeps tires young and tough.

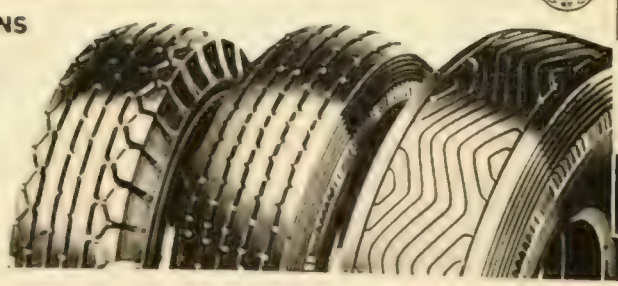
There's no fun in driving when worry gets hold of the wheel. And there's really no reason why you should worry these days. Silvertown prices are low—trade-in allowances are high. And, if you prefer, you can use the Budget Plan. Many B. F. Goodrich Dealers, and all Goodrich Silvertown Stores, offer it.

See the new **SILVERTOWNS**

(Left) **SAFETY SILVERTOWN.** Top quality Hi-Flex cords make it stronger than ever.

(Center) **DELUXE SILVERTOWN.** The best combination of mileage, safety and quiet running.

(Right) **LIFE-SAVER SILVERTOWN.** No tire can stop you quicker, or keep you safer from skids.



BFG

Switch to

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

Now swiftly, strangely, a living nightmare ends, and a frightened girl finds love

Footsteps Behind Her

The officer's arm stopped her. "Just a minute, please. You're Jo Lang, aren't you?"

BY MITCHELL WILSON

READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

PART TEN—CONCLUSION

☆ JO turned and met the old man's full gaze. He was making no move to get up or to approach her. He sat there, with his legs crossed and his hands folded idly in his lap, as though he were waiting.

There was no way out of the car except through the narrow aisle past his seat. In the next car forward the few passengers were sitting quietly. No one would look her way except by chance. At last she was caught. There was no way out at all this time. She stood helpless, in complete surrender, glad almost that it had finally happened.

A hot fever of excitement tingled in her body. She could even feel it in her moist trembling hands and her weak legs. It emanated from a tiny point glowing in her mind like a question: What would happen? What would it be like? Would there be pain?

As though granting a concession to a child, the old man slowly got to his feet, still with that amused but businesslike smile. He walked down the swaying aisle until he stood before her, only a few inches away.

"Well?" he said quietly. "Suppose we talk business."

His voice was that of an old man, a little breathless, and the trace of a whine was still there. The voice he had used on the bus, that was so completely that of an innocent, was really his. Nothing had changed about him except that Jo knew now what he really was—and that changed everything.

"Let's go to the back of the train," he said. "Then we can have privacy."

Slowly he reached out his hand, and Jo could feel it coming closer, even though he held her eyes to his with his own. In that moment her ears began to ring as though she had suddenly dropped into a high-pressure tunnel. At the first inpact of his hand on her arm she shuddered violently. His fingers tightened about her elbow and she permitted herself to be led, half stumbling.

The little platform in the rear was unlit, and through the windows on three sides she could see the lights in the tunnel—lazy little white, blue, and red eyes that seemed to blink sleepily as they became obscured for a moment by a girder in the line of sight.

The man turned Jo around so that she faced him. He released her, but she could still feel the burning on her arm. No matter if he had dropped his hand, she knew the grip was still there.

"Let me have the piece of envelope you have," he said.

The little smile on his lips was gone, and it seemed as though it had never been there. He was standing in the half-light, and the hollows in his face were filled with shadows, giving him a lean cadaverous look.

"What piece?" Jo asked. She found an unexpected defiance in her voice. She didn't know where it came from; it certainly wasn't due to courage or hope. "That young doctor, the bridegroom, had the envelope. You took it from him after you murdered him. I know you did. I know you were there. The elevator boy said you were."

He stared at her bleakly for a moment, and Jo knew why it seemed that his eyes had never smiled. They looked dead. His eyes looked as though they had died a long time ago and were beyond any memory of life.

"That's right, I did. But there's another piece which is just as important," he said. "You still have it. I want the flap to that envelope, and I want it quickly."

He had a gun in his hand, a large heavy-looking pistol. There was no choice with this man, and yet a wild hope within Jo kept fighting for life.

At least she could try to delay him until they pulled into the next station. She opened her bag and started to go through it.

"How did you know I was going to be on this train?" she asked.

"I followed you," he said in his quiet voice. "It was very simple."

"*Followed* me! But from where? I didn't see you."

The pale blue eyes stared through her. "I was behind you all the time," he replied. "You never stood a chance. I've been following you from the hotel lobby." He laughed suddenly in her pale face—a short, merry laugh. His face puckered and the lips bent down in a slight V, giving him a look of momentary bashfulness. "I was about fifty feet behind my people, sometimes half a block. You must have met them when they went riding with you. Did you get their names?"

"No," said Jo. The muscles in her neck seemed to be paralyzed. "I don't know anybody's name, neither theirs nor yours. Who do you work for?"

☆ "NAMES? My name is Smith. They work for me, and I'm a free lance. It's an arduous business, but what else is an old man to do? Yes, I was behind you all the time. There wasn't an instant when you stood a chance of getting away."

He took the bag from her fingers as he was speaking. He held it in the same hand as he held the gun pointed at her, and with the other he explored the contents, dropping what he didn't want on the floor.

"As soon as you left the automobile place," he went on, as though giving a lesson, "I followed in a cab. You see, we've had experience; maybe twenty-five years of this sort of thing. There isn't a trick we don't know. Of course we make mistakes—who doesn't? But so far we've made none that were fatal . . . for us, at least. So that the minute I saw you run out of the car I stepped out of the cab and got on the train immediately after you. That sort of thing has happened before, you know." He stared at her without expression. "Many times before, and it's never worked."

The incongruity of hearing a murderer talk in the same tone of voice as a crotchety grandfather made the whole thing seem a little out of focus. But Jo kept coming back to reality as the sight of the little round tube pointed straight at her face.

She felt sick listening to him. Each memory of hope she once had returned to her as a gust of mocking laughter. Many times before, he had said. She could see those other people now, as white straining faces, running, but looking backward in their flight. Innocent, unimportant little people who had become mixed up in the machinery of war. For *twenty-five* years this had been going on—her entire lifetime.

Every so often he'd raise his eyes to glance at her, and there was an animal quality in their swiftness. He said nothing, and his mouth in repose had a prim quality.

On the floor were her compact, a few crumpled bills, her handkerchief, lipstick, some papers she had long ago forgotten about completely.

The envelope flap was in her change purse. He took it and put it in his pocket, handing the bag back to her.

"That's that," he said to her. "You're lucky to be alive, and if you come along with me to the boat you'll live. If you open your mouth just once, remember that this gun has a very good silencer on it— and anybody can faint in a crowd. So be careful. Now come along."

She stooped to pick up her belongings and he backed away a few steps from her, so that he could detect any unusual movement on her part as she rose again. There was no way out for Jo. She had to do as she was told.

This time he didn't lead her back through the aisle, but made her walk in front of him. The train started to slow down. Through the door Jo could see that the station was jammed.

The train moved some way along the platform before it stopped. They passed a busy recess where there were several turnstiles and street exits. Tiled signs on the walls said THIRTY-FOURTH STREET. The waiting passengers were lined up in a dense mass almost to the edge. Their faces were a blur as the train passed them.

"Get out here and walk down to the far end of the platform," the old man said. "I want to get out through the Thirty-second Street entrance."

The door opened and the old man pushed her through the crowd. The pressure on her was terrific from all sides as the people pushed against her and past her into the train. She pulled herself free from them and found a clear path at the rear of the platform. For a moment the station was comparatively free, and she started to walk down with the old man right behind her. But a new crowd had come through the turnstiles and was rushing along to catch the open doors. Ahead of her, the people who got off were walking toward the entrance to Pennsylvania Station. A million heads seemed to bob about, moving in all directions.

☆ ONE head stood out above the rest. It belonged to a man who was standing still against the wall, looking into each face. As Jo came closer, she saw that he was standing on a bench, and a policeman stood near by. The man turned, and Jo recognized him with a stopped heart. It was Wharton, Dick's chief.

He pointed to her and said something to the policeman. The officer's long blue arm reached out and stopped her.

He was a big burly man, and his face was red, very assured.

"Just a minute, please. You're Jo Lang, aren't you?"

"Yes," she said hesitantly. The surge was greater than ever. The train had already started away, and a new crowd, growing every second, waited for the next load to come in.

"That's all I wanted to know," said the officer. "You'll come with me." He waved to Wharton and another policeman to come up.

Jo pulled away from him frantically, turning to look for the old man. He was gone! A crowd that was coming from a staircase to a lower level poured a stream along the station, and for a moment he was lost in it. He was several yards away by now, walking casually like all the people about him.

"There's the man," said Jo to the policeman. "That man over there. He's the one you want. He stabbed Dr. Grogan. I know he did. He even admitted it to me."

The policeman seemed annoyed. "My orders were to hold you, that's all. Don't try to pull anything cute on me."

"He's the man you want," Jo went on. "He stole the envelope."

"What envelope?"

"What are you holding me for?" Jo asked. She glanced about for Wharton, but he had stepped down from the bench and, due to his shortness, had disappeared from sight.

"Don't you know?" The policeman's eyes weren't sure. He was making an aggressive bluff based on his uniform.

"No," said Jo. "I don't. Do you have a warrant?"

"I don't need no warrant," he insisted. "My orders were to hold you until the inspector comes along."

☆ SHE didn't answer him, because she saw that the old man had turned and was coming back. Somewhere along the platform he had decided that he stood a better chance to get out through the Thirty-fourth Street entrance. That meant he would have to pass her. He was walking close to the wall. He had picked up a newspaper and looked like a tired old commuter on the way home.

Jo tore away from the policeman to intercept him; but the officer stopped her.

"There's your man," she insisted. Her voice was tight with excitement. "That's the one to get!"

The policeman quietly held her arm, and Jo was forced to watch the old man pass five feet from her as she struggled against the patrolman. The old man, like most of the other people going his way, glanced at her casually with affected mild surprise, and then went back to his paper. By the time Wharton made his appearance, the old man had covered half the distance to the exit.

Wharton's face was more drawn than before, but his eyes were no longer so coldly disinterested.

"You seem to be all right," he said quietly. The slowness of his speech enraged Jo. For every word he spoke so casually, the murderer took another step away from them. "I was just leaving the office," Wharton went on, "when some one called me from an automobile store that Dick and the inspector had traced you as far as the subway at Columbus Circle. Dick should be along at any minute on one of these trains."

"Did you say that Dick would be along?" Jo demanded. She laid her hand on Wharton's arm and shook him in her excitement. "Then he isn't arrested?"

She tightened her grip on his arm and started to drag him along the platform.

"The old man you're looking for is getting away all this time. He's the one we met on the transcontinental bus. It was he who stabbed Grogan. At first they were after me because I had the envelope, but then I passed part of it on to Grogan by mistake. The old man didn't know it until he had my things searched. When they got to Grogan, they discovered that a piece of it was still missing, and so they came back for me to get the other part of it."

Wharton signaled to the two policemen to follow them, and the four of them pushed their way through the passengers on the trail of the old man. Another local pulled in. The crowd on the platform began to surge forward. Jo could see the man fifty feet ahead of them, but between them now were hundreds of people.

"How did Dick ever trace me to the subway?" Jo asked Wharton.

"That crazy broadcast of yours came through. But when Dick got to the corner where you said you were, he couldn't find you. He called me later, and said that he was waiting for you in some automobile place. You had left there about five minutes before for a demonstration, and he was waiting for you to come back . . ."

"There he goes, around a corner!" Jo said. The old man had disappeared. At the Thirty-fourth Street entrance the platform, which is about twenty feet wide, suddenly deepens to almost seventy feet in a large rectangle. The old man had already reached this space. At the back of the rectangle are the turnstiles, and beyond them the stairs to the street.

Wharton didn't answer. He fell into step alongside of Jo.

". . . Finally, a few minutes ago, a salesman, I think it was, of the motor company called me and said that Dick and the inspector had picked up two people, but that you were in the subway headed downtown on a local. The police had orders to cover every station down to Sheridan Square."

They had reached the broad section of the rectangle. Ahead were the turnstiles, and beyond them the lower steps of the staircase.

"Are there any policemen outside?" Jo asked.

"No," said Wharton. "Not that I know of. If he gets out, we've lost him. Where is he?"

At first sight, it looked as though an endless belt of shoulders and heads, bobbing out of time, were moving slowly up the stairs.

Jo saw the man halfway up. He was walking next to the railing which ran along the wall of the stairwell. Beside him trudged a woman with a child.

"There he is!" Jo said. One of the policemen drew a heavy service revolver, but Wharton stopped him.

"For heaven's sake, be careful!" he snapped. "We can't afford to miss."

"I never missed in my life," the policeman said.

He raised his hand again. At that moment the man on the stairs turned and looked back, but not at the group with Jo. He was looking down the stairs behind him, where the order of ascending bodies seemed to be broken by some one trying to get upstairs faster than the crowd would permit, leaving a whirlpool of people behind him. It was a man. He turned sideways for a moment, and Jo saw his face.

"It's Dick!" she said. "He's on the staircase, a little below the old man! How in the world did he get there ahead of us?"

"He must have come in on this last train," Wharton said. "The last car stops just in front of this section of the platform."

Jo was watching the confusion on the staircase. She saw the old man turn his gaze from Dick to the policeman at her side, who still stood with his arm upraised, waiting for a clear shot. For a moment the old man dropped out of sight. Then he stood upright again; but now he was carrying the child who had been walking along next to him. Jo could see the mother turn to him with a look of surprise on her face as she grabbed for the baby.

The parade on the steps was entirely

Gals don't care FOR HOLIDAY HAIR

WIND whips your hair into an awful snarl. Leaves it dry, dusty, so tangled you can't even comb it. Kreml—after you golf, and you won't look like the Wild Man of Borneo to your girl.

WATER washes away the natural oils. Leaves your hair wild, unruly. Your scalp dry. Looks worse than ever. A Kreml rub after you swim and she won't think your hair is hopeless.

SUN bakes hair dry. Leaves it brittle. This is often followed by dandruff scales. Itching scalp. After lots of sun, use Kreml. Then your girl won't think she's "going steady" with a mop.

KREML should be used *every day*. It helps stimulate your scalp. Checks excessive falling hair. Girls like a Kreml man because his hair is always well groomed, without being greasy.

FOR everyday protection against Holiday Hair—use Kreml. Kreml checks excessive falling hair. Removes ugly dandruff scales. Kreml keeps your hair neat and natural-looking. Gives it a silky, soft sheen.

Women like Kreml, too. Find it wonderful before and after permanents.

Ask for Kreml at any drug or department store. Insist on it at your barber shop.

A fine follow-up for the daily use of Kreml is the once-a-week wash with Kreml Shampoo. It is made from an 80% olive oil base. Cleanses your scalp tingling clean. Leaves your hair soft and lustrous looking—easy to comb. Try Kreml Shampoo this weekend..try Kreml *today!*

DON'T USE WATER USE

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES
CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

broken now. The first thing Jo heard was a loud wail from the child. Then she heard the flat *blam* of a gun, and a woman screamed piercingly.

☆ WHARTON pushed the policeman in exasperation.

"You fool! You *would* do it!"

"But I didn't," the officer protested dazedly. "That wasn't my gun. I didn't shoot at all. Some one else is doing the shooting. It's the old man. I saw him."

There was another shot, followed by a roar of voices on the staircase.

The people on the platform were transfixed. Their eyes were startled and they searched one another's faces for cues. But the roar on the staircase grew, and the heads and bodies seemed to swirl and sway in panic.

Dick appeared again, out of the confusion, still struggling up the stairs through the maze of arms. The old man and the child had already passed the corner of the stairway. A white-tiled wall cut the second flight off from view; but Jo could see the mother, wild-eyed now, fighting her way along after her baby.

There was a landing there. Dick reached it at the same time as the woman, and as he did so he raised a bulky-looking package as though it were a battle ax, then brought it down with force. There was another shot, and the bulb in the ceiling of the landing went out.

"For God's sake, let's do something!" Jo said, running through the turnstile. The suddenness of the action on the stairs had paralyzed her, but now she was free to move again.

But by the the time she reached the foot of the staircase the mob began to move, but downward this time, as though they were being herded down from above. They presented a wall of confused, shocked faces; and as some of them streamed past Jo, she noticed that on their shoulders and lapels were confetti-like black fragments—pieces of phonograph records.

Dick appeared around the corner. But with him were two traffic policemen. One of them was holding the old man, and the other had a firm grip on Dick.

☆ DICK caught her eye and waved, grinning broadly. With his one free arm he pointed excitedly to the old man with one of the flat square envelopes that are used for holding phonograph records. But the record inside must have been broken, because the envelope flapped weakly.

"I hate that song," he shouted to her. "Every music store I stopped at insisted that I hear it all over again."

"Are you all right?" Jo asked.

"In the pink." He was only a few steps away from her now. "How are *you?*"

"Perfectly swell," Jo said. "I bore up like a hero, even though I thought I'd start tearing my hair from pure fright several times."

He reached out as he walked past her, and led her along. "I'm under arrest again, I suppose," Dick said. The policeman holding him said nothing, but looked sufficiently grim. Jo realized then that she needed his arm. She felt suddenly weak, exhausted.

Wharton rushed up to them.

"Where's Corio?" he asked Dick.

"On that local that just pulled out," Dick explained. "He kept me handcuffed until we picked up the other two. When we hopped into the subway, I finally persuaded him to take it off. I was able to get off before he was, and the crowd on the platform shoved him right back in. He's probably blue with fury. It was pure luck that I saw our old pal here."

Jo listened, and the voices seemed to be quite distant. There were hundreds of questions she wanted to ask: How did he first find her trail? What happened at the automobile place when they arrived? How did they manage to intercept the demonstration car? . . . But she decided they could wait until later. Now that it was all over, now that she and Dick were clear, the details didn't make enough difference to be of immediate consequence . . . All she wanted was a little rest . . .

She could feel Dick's arm about her waist.

"Jo!" His voice seemed to come from the clouds. "Are you sure you're all right, dear?"

"Of course," she replied, smiling; and, still smiling, she pitched forward in a dead faint.

THE END

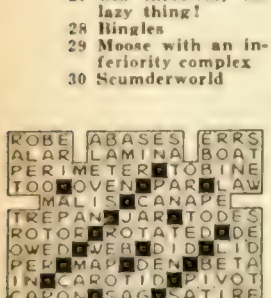
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS by Ted Shane

HORIZONTAL

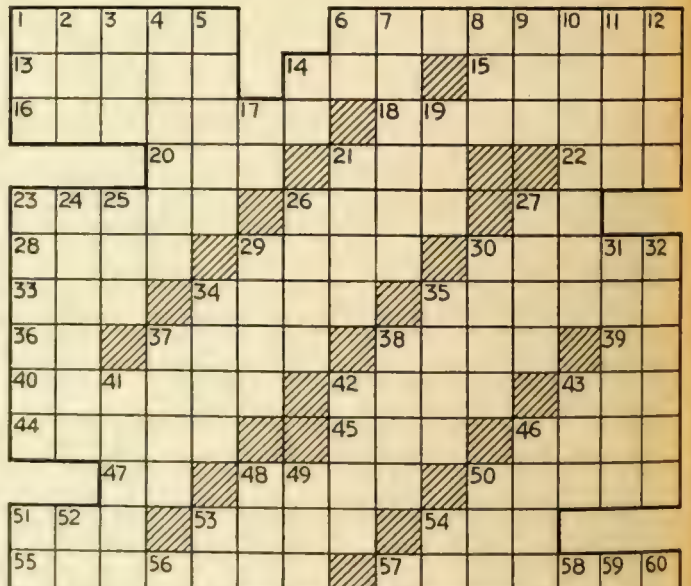
1 Russian Christmas pie
6 What ballplayers decorate their walls with
13 It's rosie and it's nosie
14 Use
15 Neuropean
16 Congressional ping-pong (pl.)
18 Why actors get up Wednesday morning
20 Administer the brush
21 What stout women like to shed in the best places (abbr.)
22 Now, ain't thatta shame!
23 Skidway
26 Chiffon creations, made from the softest, sweetest materials, requiring lots of dough
27 Old three-toe, the lazy thing!
28 Bingles
29 Moose with an inferiority complex
30 Scumderworld
33 What grammer and gramper did at six o'clock sharp for forty-five years
34 Nuts
35 What some neckers try to bite out without ether
36 What the Duce makes me
37 Waves that affect what's on a woman's mind
38 It makes the most divine derby
39 Half fare
40 Indoor sparking place (one false move and you're married!)
42 Roosevelt's most stately sektry
43 Heat gargle
44 Miss Cal Kulashun
45 Slithery slipper
46 Fiction the Nazi propagandists beat the truth to
47 It's wiry and full of news (abbr.)
48 They cause unhappy landings among German flyers
50 Movements afoot
51 Society of No Goods (abbr.)
53 Automatic wrong-number getter
54 To make a young American red in the seat of justice
55 What wrestlers twist each other's dogs with (two words)
57 The difference between me and Superman
61 The most revealing thing about the gal across the areaway and the closest thing to her heart
62 Intellectual spinach
64 The falser they are, the weaker they come to grips with things
65 What a beau-legged gal who chases fellers is (two words)
66 What strip gals do if correcting their figures

VERTICAL

1 Hitler's a man of even temper, he's always this
2 This land is full of fight
3 It's good but it's backward (Fr.)
4 Sits on a tack (past tense)
5 B-b-b-beautiful c-c-c-cutie
6 Beginning to be furious
7 What Charlie McCarthy sprang from
8 Hi there!
9 Birthplace of street arabs
10 Silk seat covers (fem.)
11 Original women
12 What Mussolinis do after garlic dinners
14 You and me
17 How to start education
19 This carries a lot of weight in foolish circles
21 Goebbeled truths
23 Gramper horsed around with grammer in one
24 House-painterissimo
25 Pre-Stalin Red
26 Household gods
27 Italian river
29 A blonde, a $20 bill, a night club, a taxi ride
30 China baby
31 Snappy sarong
32 Clamps down the lids and dreams
34 Every cockney plans to spit in Hitler's what?
35 This kind of man looks down on women
37 The light in a traffic cop's eyes
38 Colorful member of the Supreme Court
41 Comedy with no laughs
42 What a conquered Europe will be under
43 Biggest squawk about comic strips
46 Kind of army movement she was caught in when the lieutenant made a sudden advance
48 What you do after too much ale
49 Spanish city
50 Things made in this, make waste
51 To run into, nights, with the dog
52 Double negative
53 A duzzer
54 Tummy Ululations (abbr.)
56 Bottle hymn
57 Good gracious!
58 Cowfeteria
59 &&&&&& (Latin)
60 Haggard heroine
63 Der big quvestchun Chermans is asking demselbes



Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Liberty's True Two-Minute Story

by Henry Henry

A Story with a Moral for Reckless Drivers

☆ IN his four years of wisdom he thought that I, his daddy, was the strongest man in the world. He had even said, "I betcha daddy could beat Louis."

Then, convalescing from that weakening operation, I went to walk with him on an isolated roadway.

"I'll get you flowers," he said as he clambered up the bank on the opposite side of the road.

He started back. There was a roar, a cloud of dust, and I could see—my boy—under the automobile.

I rushed out to him, but the car sped on.

"Lift me up, daddy," he said faintly.

Oh, God, I couldn't lift my own baby!

There was a hurt look in his eyes. "Maybe," he said in a hushed voice, "Jimmy's daddy is the strongest."

Why should those words be his last?

THE END

Have you a Two-Minute Story? Liberty will pay top rates for good ones. Address: Two-Minute Man, Liberty, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope, nor can we enter into correspondence regarding them.

BEVERLY HILLS' MOVIE GUIDE—Continued from Page 7

ries from New York by plane to a famous Idaho ski resort when he learns that his wife thinks she's in love with a young Argentinian. These sentimental lapses by wifie are periodical, it seems, part of "my life with Caroline." Before Mason starts to set things straight, he turns confidentially to the movie audience, takes you into his confidence and relates, in a lengthy flashback which is practically the whole picture, how he met the same situation in the past (and in Palm Beach) with a dilettante sculptor. Then the comedy switches back to the fickle wife and her latest crush.

Colman plays with a sure, casual, worldly-wise touch, but Anna Lee, a young English actress making her American film debut, is less successful as the lonesome wife. Best of the supporting cast is Charles Winninger as Caroline's eccentric dad.

Colman, by the way, has pretty much withdrawn within a Hollywood circle of English players and friends, all actively and intensively trying to help their homeland from afar. His old Hollywood haunts see little of him.

(RKO Radio.)

★ ★ ★ MANPOWER

Virile he-man stuff, of a camp of high-power linemen at work and at play. Eddie G. Robinson and Georgie Raft are two of the ornery linemen and Marlene Dietrich is a B-girl, otherwise a sleek hostess in a cheap clip joint. Marlene marries Eddie, discovers that she cares for George. There are storms, wires come down, the lads, amid near-ribald repartee and slightly off-color jokes, make believe that beating the elements is a lot of good healthy fun. Rough and rugged fable of the men who keep our lights (and our dance hostesses) burning at night. It was whimsical to call the film Manpower, for its intent is to show that they haven't any—when La Dietrich appears.

(Warner Brothers.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Stars Look Down, Sergeant York, Major Barbara, Citizen Kane, Meet John Doe, Pépé Le Moko.

★★★½—The Devil and Miss Jones, That Hamilton Woman! A Girl, a Guy and a Gob, Tobacco Road, Cheers for Miss Bishop, So Ends Our Night, Mr. and Mrs. Smith.

★★★—The Bride Came C. O. D., They Met in Bombay, Moon Over Miami, Blossoms in the Dust, Tight Shoes, Underground, The Big Store, Man Hunt, Out of the Fog, Caught in the Draft, In the Navy, Billy the Kid, Sunny, Blood and Sand, The Reluctant Dragon, Love Crazy, Kiss the Boys Goodbye, A Woman's Face, One Night in Lisbon, The Wagons Roll at Night, The Great American Broadcast, The Girl in the News, Flame of New Orleans, Ziegfeld Girl, The Cowboy and the Blonde, Penny Serenade, Pot o' Gold, The Sea Wolf, That Night in Rio, I Wanted Wings, Road to Zanzibar, That Uncertain Feeling, Back Street, The Lady Eve, Come Live with Me.

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

(For eleven years Donald Gordon's opinions and ratings of new books have been used by some 25,000 libraries and bookstores. His Book Tip will be a weekly feature for readers of Liberty.)

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE, by Virginia Cowles.

It seems likely there'll be room for one more account of the experiences of a European news hawk. Miss Cowles has been not only energetic but socially well connected with those who made news. Thus we have it from front-line trenches in Spain and Finland, Prague, Berlin, Moscow, and Chamberlain's dinner-table report of the Munich conference, Rome, and Paris as the Nazis marched in. Unity Freeman-Mitford's stories of a relaxed Hitler, and Churchill talking with his son in the garden. You haven't read all this before.

Only in a PHILCO can you enjoy these modern phonograph features...

Tilt-Front Cabinet

No lid to lift; no need to remove decorations. To play the phonograph, you merely tilt forward the grille, place your records and tilt it back again. *Only Philco has it!*

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A permanent jewel reflects the music on a beam of light to a photo-electric cell. No needles to change. Surface noise and record wear reduced 10 to 1. Glorious new beauty and purity of tone. *Only Philco has it!*

Stroboscope Pitch and Tempo Control

An exclusive feature of the amazing new Philco Automatic Record Changer. Hear your records with *absolute fidelity of pitch.* And enjoy simpler, gentler, more reliable changing of records. *Only Philco* gives you these *modern* phonograph features.

Philco 1013, Illustrated. Easiest Terms.

See the 1942 Philco Phonographs and Radios at Your Nearest Dealer

DON'T LET FATIGUE play havoc with looks! Crow's feet appear fast enough without being further hastened by squinting. Two drops of EYE-GENE speedily clears eyes reddened from fatigue, driving, over-indulgence, etc.

JOIN THE THOUSANDS who prefer stainless, hygienic, safe, EYE-GENE. Wash them with this specialist's formula today, and see how refreshed they feel. EYE-GENE is on sale at drug, department, and ten cent stores.

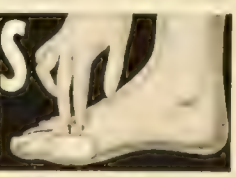
EYE-GENE

YOU GIRLS!
WHO SUFFER FROM
DYSMENORRHEA
which makes you
WEAK, NERVOUS—

If you suffer headache, cramps, backache, feel "dragged out," blue, cranky, with dark circles under your eyes—due to functional monthly disturbances—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound!

Pinkham's Compound is made *especially* to relieve such female distress—it helps build up resistance against such tired, nervous feelings. Hundreds of thousands of women remarkably helped. *Try it!*

BUNIONS
ENLARGED OR
TENDER JOINTS



Doctor's New Quicker Relief!

Stop suffering! If you have painful bunions, enlarged or tender joints, you'll get quick relief with the New *Super-Soft* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Feel the world of difference these thin, soft, soothing, cushioning pads make . . . how much they lift shoe pressure off the sensitive spot. New in design and texture and 630% softer than before! Do not come off in the bath. More economical! Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere.

NEW *Super-Soft* Insist on genuine Dr. Scholl's!

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

ANY BOY CAN BE PRESIDENT—Continued from Page 28

"Well," Kate said, pausing in the doorway, "Stan said he'd be out around eight."

"I'm not going to see him," Lu said, gritting her teeth.

Kate was fed up with being irritated. "Oh, stuff and nonsense!" she said, and tramped indoors. She heard grampa in his room listening to the baseball game over the radio which he'd won on a punchboard at Stoefinger's bowling alleys. Well, one good thing—it was all off between him and the Harrison brothers. For a while, anyhow, thank goodness.

☆ STAN came in the quiet summer evening, parking his car in front of the garage on ground springy with pine needles. He whistled a gay tune as he climbed. Hatless, he wore a brown gabardine coat, flannels, and brown-and-white Oxfords. He was a young man of fine bearing, deliberate in his movements, alert but unruffled.

"Evening, grampa," he said as he reached the top step.

"Evening, young man. You're wasting your time. The Duchess is indisposed."

"Nice evening. What's the matter—don't Lu feel good?"

"Got the pip, I guess," grampa said, rocking in his private rocker. He liked a rocker because he could keep moving even while sitting.

"Gosh, that's too bad," Stan said. "Nothing serious, I hope."

Kate appeared then, saying, "Hello, Stan. No; just a sick headache, maybe on account of the heat, ironing this afternoon. I made her lie down in her room. You set, though."

Stan sat on the porch railing, staring out across the lake toward the last faint smear of crimson in the sky along the rolling hills. "Gee, it's nice out here," he said.

"Kind of dull," grampa observed.

"Dull is right," Bid said, barging out of the house and clattering down the steps.

"Shucks!" Stan said. "I got them tickets for the dance at the school auditorium, too. They got a band out from New Haven. College guys, traveling all over the country."

"Wouldn't it just happen?" Kate said sympathetically.

Grampa said, "Well, see no reason why you don't get yourself another girl to dance with. When I was your age I sure didn't let any one girl tie me down, pip or no pip."

Bid came bounding up the steps and charged indoors, asserting his independence and self-sufficiency by loud whistling.

"A little less noise, Bidwell," Kate called after him. "Let Lu rest."

"Ah, she's puttin' on," Bid said.

Kate sighed. "I certainly don't know what's got into him lately."

"Where's Mr. Kibby?" Stan said.

Kate waved. "Out fishing. He wanted Bidwell to go with him, but Bid wouldn't. Been just plain bullheaded lately."

"Oh, leave the boy alone," grampa said. "You had your way, daughter, he'd be a namby-pamby."

"Never you mind, grampa. I just don't want people to get the idea he's been dragged up 'stead of brought up right. I don't like bullheadedness."

Stan said, "Oh, kids—you know kids."

"Excuse me," Kate said and went inside.

Lu's door was locked, and she had to knock on it persistently, and whisper reassuringly, before Lu let her in.

In her new summer party dress, light and airy and the color of violets, Lu made a picture. Kate felt the sad sweet clutch of nostalgia in her breast.

"Now, Lu."

"Mother, there simply is no use."

Mother was the word she used when she was on her high horse, Kate reflected.

"Lu, you're acting like a ninny. It's enough with Bidwell acting the way he is lately, let alone you got to put on grand manners."

Lu's smile was remote. "Mother, we do not see things in the same light, so to speak, and I have my pride." She stood by the window, arranging over and over again the ruffles of the white voile curtains.

Kate sat down on the bed and rubbed her knees with her large palms. She knew how Lu felt—she had felt the same way herself many times; but she wasn't going to take sides in the family, one against the other. She had to temporize, compromise; and whenever it worked, if it wasn't pride she won, it was something just as good or better.

☆ "ANYHOW," she said, "it's all off with the Harrison brothers. He won't be going over there again."

Lu's voice was bleak: "Oh, well, it'll be somebody else he'll team up with. It'll be just some other mess he'll get in. And Stan being an officer of the law now—" She broke off and whirled around, full up. "Mama, I'm not going to be humiliated any longer! A man of his years, seventy-two come October the first—it's disgusting!"

"I don't know," Kate said. "Stan seems to get a great kick out of him. Stan ever complain to you about him?"

"Of course not. Stan's a gentleman. He realizes I got feelings—which, if I may say so, is more than anybody around here does!"

She was all flushed and miserable and wild-eyed and beautiful in her summer party dress, and Kate hated to think of her missing the dance at the school auditorium.

"I'll go away—that's what I'll do! It's the only way I'll ever be able to have any peace of mind and not be humiliated all the time by the carryings-on of a loony old man. If it's not him acting up, it's Bid. I'm sick and tired of living!"

Kate drummed on her knees. "Look, Lu," she said, after a minute. "Sup-

pose I go out and say you're feeling better. You wait here, say fifteen or twenty minutes, like you were getting dressed, and then come out. I'll say the aspirin worked. Stan's mooning. He was all set to take you to the dance. And the tickets and all. A young man can't spend two bucks for tickets just to chuck 'em away."

Lu sat in a corner and brooded, her hands clasped between her knees. "That college band all the way from New Haven, too," she whimpered.

Kate stood up, brushed one palm across the other. "O. K. So in about fifteen or twenty minutes you come out. I'll tend to the build-up." She headed toward the door.

"Ma."

"Huhn?"

"Ma, will you please send Bid upstairs or somewheres—anyhow, till we get off?"

Kate grunted and made her way back to the parlor, where Bid was lying on the sofa staring at the ceiling and hating the world. She'd polished off one situation and felt in fine form. She felt sufficiently confident to deal with Bid in a peremptory manner.

"Upstairs and take a bath, Bidwell."

Bid sat up, outraged. "On a Wednesday night!" he screeched.

"Upstairs," Kate said, sighting on him menacingly.

"I'd sure like to know what the world's coming to," Bid raged.

She stood in the middle of the parlor until she heard the bath water running above. She heard grampa throwing the bull again to Stan out on the porch—this one about the time he'd fought with Teddy Roosevelt at San Juan Hill. The older he got, the worse lies he told.

"Well," she said, sailing out onto the porch, "there's nothing like aspirin. Lu's feeling some better and I don't think dancing'll hurt her. So I said she could go. She'll be out soon's she gets dressed."

"Swell," Stan said, leaving grampa halfway up San Juan Hill. "Gee, I'm awfully glad, Mrs. Kibby."

"Ah, boy, good old Teddy," grampa muttered reminiscently.

Upstairs Bid was smacking the water with fists. "Dirty old cop! Dirty old uniform! Dirty old Boy Scouts!"

☆ FRIDAY afternoon Bid sauntered out of Pennington's Drugstore, stood on the curb, leaned over and spat. It was a still, hot day, full of the sound of locusts, and Bid felt moony. He wished he had a bicycle and electric trains and a motorboat. He wished he was a million miles away. In Alaska, for instance, driving a dog team and hunting for gold. A cowboy'd be nice, too. Home, home on the range. Give me my boots and saddle. Maybe get adopted by an Indian tribe. No women around and no mushy lovey-dovey stuff. And no fat Boy Scouts, either. Big Fat Francis Iggleson! What kind of fate was it that made you small, knee-high to a grasshopper, and guys like Francis Iggleson big and fat, bossing and shoving you around, and when you tried to fight, just flopping on you, so you couldn't move? He guessed the best thing was for him and grampa to pack up and get out—hit the long, long trail a-winding. Grampa was the only real right guy in all the world. A pal. A buddy. "We're a coupla outlaws, grampa," he muttered.

"Hi, there, Bid," Stan said, coming around the corner. "How's every little thing?"

"I'll live."

Stan headed for the drugstore, and Bid sneaked a look at the shiny boots, the blue-gray breeches with the broad stripe up the side, the uniform shirt to match, the belt and holster and gun, and the snappy visored cap. Bid felt himself drop to the depths of despondency.

Stan came right out again, saying, "Hey, Bid, want a ride?"

"I don't think so."

"Got a brand-new siren. I'll let you cut her open."

Bid chewed his lip, then shrugged. "Oh, well, I got nothing else to do. Might as well take a whirl at it."

They walked around the corner to the police sedan, and Bid observed, "A nice heap," and climbed in. They buzzed down Main Street.

"There she is, Bid," Stan said. "Press her. Give it to her."

Bid gave it to her and the siren screamed.

"Again, Bid. Keep giving it to her."

Bid kept giving it to her, and the sound of it and the speed of the car made the blood rush gloriously through his veins. A mile out of town Stan pulled up on the shoulder, got out, and walked across toward two cars that were tangled up in a minor crash. Nobody seemed to be hurt, but some men were arguing. Bid saw the way Stan went over, calmed them down, flagged other cars past, made notes, cracked a couple of jokes, and just about handled everything sweet as you'd please. Bid had to admit that maybe the guy had a point or two. In a little while Stan came back, got in, and they drove off.

"D'you make a pinch?" Bid asked.

"Nope. Just settled a little argument." Stan leaned back, driving with one hand, and lit a cigarette. "Ever think of joining the Boy Scouts, Bid?"

Bid's mouth buttoned up. "Nah—them guys!"

"Oh, it's a lotta fun, Bid. Hikes. Camping out. The scoutmaster's a swell egg. You know—Joe Commery.

"Africa is impossible—the natives never serve Wine and Soda"

• Wine and Soda is mixed in a jiffy, like this: take a generous half glass of your favorite California wine, white or red...add ice cubes ... fill with sparkling water. More wine recipes *free* at the store where you buy your wine. Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second St., San Francisco

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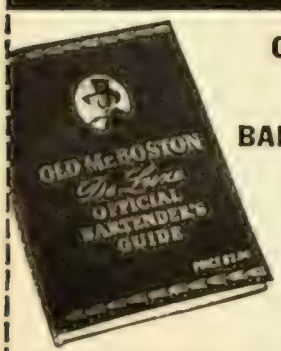

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Me and Joe were in the same class in school."

"I like to lone-wolf it," Bid said.

"You know what I'd do, Bid? I'd make you a present of a uniform. Give you a scout ax, too."

Bid's tongue felt dry and thick. What was this big stiff trying to do? Kid him? Bid felt taut and bitter inside, and then all at once he felt soft and shaky. "Nah," he gulped. "And besides, every kid can't join up."

"Who says so?"

"Everybody."

"Who's everybody?"

"Oh, kids. All the kids."

"And why can't you join, Bid?"

Bid was suddenly hard again. "That's my business."

"Look, pal," Stan said. "I'm your pal, see? With me, you can lay your cards on the table."

"Look," said Bid. "I'm not sucking around, see? You don't have to try to win me over with uniforms or anything. What's my business is my business. And when a guy's my friend he's my friend through thick and thin, and them Boy Scouts can go jump in the lake."

"O. K., O. K.," Stan said, like any man respecting another man's opinion. "Forget I ever mentioned it. But whoever said you can't join the Boy Scouts is talking through their hat."

"Who said I wanted to join 'em?"

☆ IT was the time of day grampa liked best, just after supper, the long mellow interval between day and night, when he smoked a three-cent cigar—two for a nickel—and let the meal digest. It was about the only time he liked to be alone. On fine evenings he took a canvas chair down to the landing stage, and sat there, the top button of his trousers open to give him comfort, his fancy Panama hat tipped well down over his nose. The landing stage floated in the water on four empty gasoline drums, and he liked the gentle motion. It also gave him a vague feeling of being cut off from the land, free of the petty tribulations of the earth.

He was a little nettled, therefore, when he heard footfalls on the steps leading from the dock down to the landing stage. Bid sat down and began flipping pebbles into the water.

"Be quiet, Bid," grampa said.

Bid became quiet. He sat perfectly still for ten minutes.

Grampa said, "What's eating you, Bid?"

"Oh, nothing's eating me," Bid said. He got up, pushed his hands deep down into his pockets, and paced slowly back and forth. "You know everything, don't you, grampa?"

"Pretty near."

"What I thought. Them in the house don't, and I figured you do." He sat down again, sprawling on his side, leaning on one elbow. "It's about a kid I know. Tough about this kid. Wants to join the Boy Scouts, but he can't."

Grampa spat with great deliberation. Bill spat too.

"What'd he do?" grampa said. "Kill somebody?"

"Nah, nothing like that. He's got a—an uncle. An uncle he's got. Well, once this here uncle—well, he got in a auto accident, and madlike—you know, just worked up—he clipped the other guy on the nose. Well, to make a long story short, he got tossed in the clink—only overnight, though, to cool him off. Well, that's what I mean about this pal of mine, this kid. Tough."

"What's tough?"

"Like I said, I mean. This kid wants to join the Boy Scouts, but no soap. No can do. Anyhow, that's what Francis Iggleson told him."

"Who the hell is Francis Iggleson?"

"Oh, another kid. He's in the Scouts. One of them fresh fat kids. But smart. He says this kid, this pal of mine, can't join the Scouts, except on one condition. You see, this kid and his uncle are real buddies, and he'd as soon cut off his right arm as do what this here Francis Iggleson says he'd have to do to join the Scouts. Sure he wants to be a Scout, and when he grows up he wants to be a cop. But ixnay. No soap. That's what Francis Iggleson says." He stood up and stretched. "Unless—he—well, disowns his uncle, and signs a paper saying so. And this pal of mine is no heel. No, sir!"

Grampa took his cigar out of his mouth, held it at arm's length, and eyed it critically. His big nose twitched as though it were in touch with a smell it did not relish.

Bid said, "I guess Francis Iggleson's right, though. Huhn, grampa?"

Grampa showed his flagrantly false teeth in a terrible grimace. He rose and stamped up the steps to the dock.

"Propaganda!" he howled.

"It ain't true?" Bid squeaked.

Grampa kicked an empty bushel basket into the lake. "Course it ain't true! It's a foul, stinking, lousy lie—the product of a depraved mind! He can be anything he wants! He can be President of the United States! Any boy can be President—God bless the Stars and Stripes forever!"

☆ BID clambered up the steps. "I knew you'd know, grampa!" he shouted, jumping up and down. "I knew—I told this kid—I knew we'd get the real McCoy from you!"

Grampa said, "Whoosh!" and shook himself, blinking. Then he sent a sly look all around to see that no one was watching. Furtively he gave Bid a quick rough little hug, shoved him away, and marched toward the house.

Kate, lying in bed that night, heard a gurgling outside and a splashing on the ground beneath her window. She looked at the ceiling, where grampa's room was, directly above. Then she heard the crash of glass among rocks in the near woods, followed by the creaking of boards upstairs.

Tom stirred beside her. "What was that?"

"Just a bottle smashing. I guess grampa's on the wagon again."

"Wonder for how long this time."

"Your guess is as good as mine," Kate said.

THE END

HITLER'S "HOLY CRUSADE"—Continued from Page 15

tried to be heard and was interrupted, this time by Marshal Göring, who read aloud figures on Russian warplane production for the past year. Göring pointed out that the Soviet air force included "utterly uncalled-for" numbers of big bombers and relatively few fighter planes. This fact, he insisted, proved that it was organized for offense rather than defense. Given another twelve or fifteen months, the Soviets would have a balanced air strength difficult to overcome, especially considering the Royal Air Force of Great Britain in the west.

Von Ribbentrop then exclaimed, "Are you talking war against Russia?"

"We are," General Halder replied.

This aroused the Foreign Minister to an outburst. He protested that such complete reversal of policy would mean destruction of all the fruits of "the Führer's master diplomacy" during the past two years. He recited a long list of essential war materials delivered to the Reich by Russia during the operation of the friendship pact. He told how these deliveries would be increased on the basis of the proposed alliance, whereas war against Russia would halt all such supplies for a long time. He insisted that Germany must have them in order to conquer England.

General Halder said brusquely, "It is no longer a problem of economics. The question today is one of victory or ruin. The only land force capable of threatening our domination of Europe is the Red army. Even if Stalin agrees to neutralize it his military advisers will not allow him to. Only one solution remains—the Red army must be destroyed."

Directly addressing Hitler, he went on: "Our troop concentrations have been completed. Ninety per cent of the Luftwaffe has been transferred to eastern bases. We require only five more days, and then we are ready to strike. If we allow Stalin to drag out negotiations for another month or longer, it will be too late for us. We must act now."

Hitler asked Field Marshal List for his opinion. List presented his timetable for the Russian campaign. Two weeks would be required for reducing the new frontier fortifications and encircling and annihilating the Russian advanced armies; another two weeks for regrouping before the Stalin Line and breaking through it at specified points; an additional two weeks for gigantic encircling sweeps. Then, within a total of eight weeks from the start of the campaign, the Soviet field armies would have ceased to exist, and the rest would be mopping-up operations. List said positively that it could be done, and would be.

It was thus that the die was cast.

Before the council broke up, Ambassador Franz von Papen, in Ankara, was instructed to bring about an immediate signing of a German-Turkish pact. Ribbentrop was instructed to give Dekanozov a favorable reply and keep Stalin thinking that a program for negotiations was being prepared. Thus was Ribbentrop reduced to the virtual status of errand boy for the military clique.

The generals likewise took immediate steps against other members of the Nazi hierarchy. Robert Ley was shorn of the larger part of his functions as leader of the Labor Front. Goebbels was told to get in line or walk the plank. All gauleiters inside the Reich, as well as High Commissioners of the occupied territories, were subordinated to the military authorities. Several notorious members of the Nazi Old Guard—among them Streicher—disappeared. The military clique made a clean sweep.

Goebbels, of course, instantly began to ingratiate himself with the new bosses. He suggested presenting the Russian war to the world as a Holy Christian Crusade against godless Bolshevism—a new *Kulturkampf*.

The suggestion was welcomed, especially in view of Hitler's own strangely changed attitude toward the Church. For possible light on this, it may be worth while to go back fifteen months to a current legend.

☆ ON May 17, 1940, Hitler visited the Belgian town of Malmédy, which had been German before World War Number One. He came to welcome it back into the Reich. He was greeted by a multitude assembled in the main square. According to the legend, he stopped to talk with a little girl of nine or ten, and the child took off her ebony crucifix on a silver chain and offered it to the Führer. With the eyes of the crowd upon him, Hitler hung it around his neck.

Later that day his armored automobile was speeding through Luxembourg toward the front in northern France. Between Wiltz and Diekirch it caught up with a motorized supply column, and it proceeded along the road shoulder between pavement and ditch. At this point a lone British bomber appeared overhead and spotted the supply column. The pilot swooped down through antiaircraft fire. One of his bombs exploded some twenty yards from Hitler's car, which toppled into the ditch. Hitler crawled through the window, shaken up but unhurt, and crouched in the ditch until the "all safe" signal was given.

During this performance, so they say, his hand came in contact with that ebony crucifix, and he later confided to his companions that it had saved his life. He added that evidently he was the chosen instrument of the Almighty and that nothing could happen to him until his God-given mission was fulfilled.

Other strange incidents are said to have followed. One was related within Klausmann's hearing by a member of Hitler's personal entourage. During his first visit to occupied Paris, Hitler went to Les Invalides to visit the tomb of Napoleon. After a cursory inspec-

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tion of the building he sent his retinue outside. When he emerged some thirty minutes later, his face was pale.

He confided that night to several of his close friends that, while he had been alone beside the sarcophagus, the spirit of the Emperor had appeared before him. The spirit admitted, he said, that Napoleon's great mistake had been to antagonize the Church. Hitler was counseled to rectify his own mistakes in that direction. On the surface this story may sound absurd, but in view of the strange constitution of Hitler's mind it is quite conceivable that he does think this happened.

At any rate, during his entire tour of occupied France he showed a surprising interest in religious edifices and monuments. He visited Notre Dame and the Madeleine in Paris, the cathedrals at Amiens, Chartres, and Strasbourg. On returning to Berchtesgaden, he ordered the building of a chapel at the Berghof, which he is known to visit frequently. No one has been allowed to enter with him. He also ordered, so Klausmann says, the building of two hundred motorized chapels—chapels on truck bodies—which were sent to regions within the Reich where churches were few.

While the subject is taboo for press and propaganda bureau, it is said at Berchtesgaden, Klausmann informs me, that Hitler has made several attempts, through selected titled intermediaries, to better his personal relations with the Papacy. When he sent a large collection of Church ornaments and accessories to Spain to replace those lost during the Civil War, he asked that a complete list be communicated to the Vatican.

☆ SO far as is known, the Church of Rome has refrained—as was to be expected—from any commitments. However, the new military set-up in Germany took quick advantage of this change in Hitler. The German generals know the danger of having an avowed enemy in the Church during a long, exhausting war. Moreover, when it comes to the eventual final showdown between themselves and the Nazi Party politicians, they want the religious bodies on their side. Accordingly, they have let it be known that revived religious activity is to be encouraged. And when Goebbels proposed his new propaganda idea in connection with the war on Russia, they accepted it. The thesis of a European crusade against godless Bolshevism was loudly launched in all Continental countries. Volunteer legions were recruited in Italy, Hungary, France, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Croatia, Norway, Denmark, and Sweden. In Rome, Mussolini approached the Vatican for an official endorsement of the new Crusade, which thus far His Holiness has refrained from giving.

The army meanwhile is in control of all that is German. For three years, ever since Hitler dismissed Defense Minister General von Blomberg and Commander in Chief General von Fritsch, it had patiently bided its time. The army clique then had no strong leader, and Hitler's spectacular diplomatic and economic bloodless victories gave the generals no chance. But the war changed all this. Since the diplomatic master stroke, the Hitler-Stalin pact, Hitler of necessity has depended primarily on his generals.

The real ascendancy of the army over the Nazi Party started with the western campaign. By that time the generals had found a real leader. His name has never appeared very prominently in print, yet it is he who today actually controls the military policy of the Third Reich.

When the war began, this Colonel General Halder was Chief of the German General Staff. He planned and mapped the Polish campaign, the campaigns in Norway and in the west, the Balkan campaign. He can be rightly called the Ludendorff of World War Number Two. He respects Hitler, but has little use for the inner circle of the Nazi political hierarchy. Himself a freethinker, he considers religion necessary for the masses. He has never approved of the antireligious Nazi excesses.

☆ ONE of the first things he insisted upon was that the army be exempt from any interference by the Gestapo. Following the campaign in the west, he organized the Security Police of the Armed Forces, which took over all Gestapo duties affecting them. Gradually he enlarged its duties, always claiming military necessity but actually looking forward to the day when he could tackle the hated Gestapo on even terms.

Affinity of interests between General Halder and Field Marshal Keitel soon became apparent. The only Nazi leader, aside from Hitler, whom they regarded as an equal was Göring. His falling out with the Nazi radicals and the merging of his interests with those of Halder and Keitel came gradually. The establishment of their triumvirate was not completed until after the flight of Hess, which virtually ripped apart the machinery of the Nazi Party. Once Hess had decamped, they demanded of Hitler that the Gestapo, having proved itself inadequate in a matter of high treason, be subordinated to the Security Police of the Armed Forces, which took its orders only from the General Staff.

Simultaneously Hess' closest friends, Dr. Haushofer and Alfred Rosenberg, it was rumored, were arrested, although Rosenberg was later reported to have been restored to favor. Many faces familiar at the Party headquarters disappeared. However, the triumvirs did not want to disrupt war-industries by a purge. They were rid of Hess, the politician closest to the Führer, and with Himmler under their thumb they were content.

Such was the situation leading up to the fateful Sunday in June when the clock struck the zero hour for the march of the German army against Russia. And just so long as the army wins, it rules.

THE END

I PAID HITLER'S WAY TO POWER

Continued from Page 11

The only photograph taken of Thyssen with the man whose way to power he paid. Left to right: Dr. Vögler of the United Steel Works (wearing a derby), Hitler, Thyssen, and Dr. Borbet of the United Steel Works.

village—Le Prese. We were saved.

On my arrival I drafted a memorandum, intending to send it to Göring at the first opportunity. It read, in part, as follows:

"In the Reichstag meeting of September 1, Hitler said: 'He who is not for me is a traitor and will be treated as such.'

"I regard this remark not only as a threat but also as an encroachment upon the rights of a member of the Reichstag to which I am entitled under our Constitution.

"I have not only the right to express my opinion, but it is my duty to do so when I am convinced that Germany is being ruthlessly plunged into great danger. Hitler has no right to threaten me when I express my opinion.

"Now, as before, I am against war. Since war has finally broken out, Germany should do her best to bring it as soon as possible to an end, for the longer it lasts the harder the peace terms for Germany.

"The pact with Germany was not broken by Poland—that pact which Hitler himself has repeatedly described as a guaranty of peace.

"In order to have peace it will be necessary for Germany to respect in every way her Constitution.

"One hundred members were absent from the Reichstag meeting of September 1. The seats of the absentees were occupied by officials of the Nazi Party. This I consider as grossly anti-Constitutional, and I protest.

"I demand that the German public be informed that I, as a member of the Reichstag, voted against war. If other members acted similarly, the public should also be informed of it.

"On August 31 I was advised by telegram that a certain Herr von Remnitz had died suddenly in Dachau. Herr von Remnitz is the son-in-law of my sister, Baroness Berg, who lives in Munich. He was interned immediately after the Anschluss, apparently because he had taken part in the activity of Legitimists before the Anschluss. Immediately after his arrest I approached Gauleiter Buerckel in Vienna, but received no kind of answer. This is characteristic of present German conditions. I demand information as to whether Herr von Remnitz died a natural death or not. In the latter case, I reserve my rights to take further steps."

☆ TWENTY days later, one of my employees who arrived in Le Prese to see me on business consented to carry a sealed letter for Herr Terboven, Gauleiter of Essen. The latter was to forward it to Göring.

On September 26, Dr. Albert Vögler, vice-chairman of the board of the United Steel Works, of which I was the chairman, came to see me in Zurich. For a long time official quarters in Berlin had attempted to conceal the fact of my departure and the reasons which had led to it, but the news had spread.

Dr. Vögler conveyed to me a curious verbal message from Terboven. The Essen Gauleiter said he had been unable to take it upon himself to forward my memorandum to the marshal, since he found the terms too violent. He assured me in writing that Göring had never received my letter, and that the Führer, therefore, could not have intended for me the phrase in which he threatened a traitor's punishment to all who were not of his opinion.

Terboven added that Marshal Göring guaranteed that if I came back to Germany immediately I should suffer no personal or economic consequences. But I was to bring with me all the authentic copies of my memorandum of September 20, which would then be destroyed with the original. So on the one hand Terboven assured me that Göring had received neither letter nor telegram, and on the other he transmitted the marshal's reply.

I spoke to Vögler of my nephew's death at Dachau. "After that," I said, "you will realize that I am in no hurry to return. First, let them publish my memorandum and furnish the explanations requested regarding von Remnitz. Further, if desired, I will prepare a second letter to Göring, stating my point of view. Ask what they think of this at Berlin."

Vögler telephoned and informed me that they did not wish to receive another letter from me. I asked him to do what he could to find out how my nephew had met his death.

Later I learned that at the end of September, after the presentation of my memorandum to Göring, the Gestapo had made a search at my house in Mühlheim. Naturally they found nothing (except, perhaps, letters from Göring assuring me of his eternal gratitude and friendship); it is common knowledge in Germany that it is unhealthy to keep too many papers. Meanwhile a German business man arrived one fine day in Zurich in an agitated state of mind. "The Gestapo hints that they have found in your house papers compromising other industrialists," he said when he saw me. "Tell me, I beg of you, if this is true!" I reassured him.

After Vögler left for Berlin, I heard nothing from him, and I am still awaiting the publication of my memorandum in Germany.

Several people came to see me in Switzerland. They said, "Now that war is declared, every one must close up behind Hitler, for he represents Germany."

I replied, "No, for this man will plunge the German people into disaster. They expect me to commit an act of cowardice, to renounce my conviction as a free man. I shall not return to Germany. I shall not forswear my political conviction. What, after all, is Göring's word and his guaranty for my security? Göring abandoned to the miserable vengeance of Himmler and of the Gestapo the German priest Martin Niemoeller, of whom his sister, Frau Rigle, was a follower, and who had been acquitted by the ordinary courts. As long as Hitler and his men are in power, my foot will

not pass the threshold of Germany."

Immediately after Vögler's departure I drafted a second letter to Göring—the communication which the authorities told Vögler they did not wish to receive. This letter was posted at Heidelberg and registered in my name by one of my acquaintances.

Göring never acknowledged the receipt of my letter. But on October 13, 1939, the Gestapo distrained on the whole of my property in Germany. Mr. Reinhardt, manager of the Commercial and Private Bank and head of the association of German private banks within the Nazi organization, dispatched to all German banks a secret circular, the text of which was communicated to me:

In execution of an order issued by Marshal Göring to the Commissioner for National Defense of the Fourth Military District, Gauleiter and Senior President Terboven, the whole fortune of Dr. juris h. c. Fritz Thyssen, Mühlheim Ruhr, Speldorf, is placed under State control under paragraph 1 of the decree of February 28, 1933, and paragraph 1 of the law concerning the Secret Police. The sole person authorized to dispose of these goods is the mandatory accredited by Marshal Göring: the Commissioner for National Defense, Gauleiter and Senior President Terboven.

Since it has been impossible to form an exact estimate of the property of Herr Thyssen and his wife, I request you to give instructions by confidential circular to all banks, to communicate within the five days following the receipt of this letter information as to all accounts, deposits, and safes held in the name of Fritz Thyssen and of his wife Amalie. This communication to be addressed to the head office of the State Police at Düsseldorf to the name of Senior Councilor Dr. Hasselbacher or of his deputy.

Heil Hitler,

Chief of the Economic Association of the German Private Banks.

[signed] REINHARDT.

This order was based upon the law conferring upon the Gestapo powers which are unlimited and arbitrary. No court in Germany is competent to receive an appeal against a measure taken by the sinister Gestapo.

Two months later, on December 14, 1939, the German Official Gazette published a notice to the effect that my fortune had been confiscated in favor of the Prussian State. This measure was based upon the law of May 26, 1933, prescribing the *confiscation of the property of the Communist Party!* This was the limit. The notice, signed by the Regierungspräsident of Düsseldorf, left no room for any legal appeal. The press received formal instructions not to refer to it. The property consisted mainly of shares in important industrial enterprises, smelting and steel works, of the greatest possible interest for national defense.

Normally these shares should have been acquired by the Reich, not Prussia, insofar as they had been confiscated. But . . .

This would have been reckoning without Göring.

The marshal had admired in my house a small but fairly fine collection of paintings and engravings, part of which were presents I had made to my wife since our marriage forty years ago. Göring is like a child; he wants everything he sees. And all that is Prussian is his. He has proved this on various occasions. Not content to unhook the paintings and to carry off the engravings from my home in Mühlheim, he has also taken pictures which belonged to my daughter and her husband, the latter a Hungarian.

These little stories have a considerable importance from the economic point of view, since my interests in the greatest metallurgical enterprise in Germany, the United Steel Works, instead of being ascribed to the Reich, have been given to Prussia. An important participation in the steelworks may save from bankruptcy the Hermann Göring Werke, a Nazi metallurgical enterprise.

The notice was published in the Official Gazette. I was only informed of it about Christmas. I immediately wrote direct to Hitler as follows:

"I note that neither legal nor administrative proceedings of any kind have been initiated against me. To this very day I have received no communication from the German Government, apart from that brought to me by Dr. A. Vögler on behalf of the Gauleiter in Essen. It is known that I rejected this peace offer because my political opinion as a member of the Reichstag is not for sale. For the rest, I have never been requested to answer for my personal or political attitude nor for anything else. Your Propaganda Ministry had, in fact, opposed any action against me. Therefore the confiscation of my property as ordered in the Official Gazette is an open and brutal breach of the law, illegal and anti-Constitutional. I protest sharply against this measure. The time will come when my rights will have to be enforced. In particular, I warn you not to lay hands upon the property of my wife, my children, Count and Countess Zichy, and the bequest of my father, August Thyssen, who was one of the first founders of the great German industry.

"I have committed no crime. My sole mistake is to have believed in you, our leader, Adolf Hitler, and in the movement initiated by you. To have believed with the enthusiasm of a passionate lover of his native Germany. Do not forget that you owe your emergence not to a great revolutionary upheaval but to a liberal order which you have sworn to sustain.

"The persecution of the Christian religion in the form of cruel measures against the priests, the insults to the churches, led me to protest.

"When, on November 9, 1938, the Jews were despoiled and martyrized in the most cowardly and brutal manner, I also protested. To reinforce this protest, I resigned my office as State Councilor. Also in vain.

"Now you have compounded with Communism. Your Propaganda Ministry even dares to proclaim that the honest Germans who voted for you as the opponent of Communism are in essentials identical with the bloody revolutionaries who plunged Russia into misery.

"As a member of the Reichstag, it is my duty to state my opinion and to abide by it. It is a crime against the German people if its men, and in particular its representatives who are held responsible by other countries, are no longer allowed to express their views. I cannot bow to this yoke. I refuse to lend my name to your acts.

☆ "I REJECT the policy of the last years. I reject above all the war into which you have thrust the German people, and for which you and your advisers shoulder the terrible responsibility. My past shields me from the accusation of treachery. In 1923 I organized the passive resistance in the occupied territories, at great danger to myself, and thus saved the Rhine and the Ruhr. I appeared before the enemy's court-martial and fearlessly proclaimed my opinion as a German. But it is precisely this conviction which makes it for me impossible to renounce the real ideals and the original doctrine of National Socialism which, as you yourself explained in my house, are in essentials identical with the leadership and the monarchy of the Germans. You instructed me to constitute the Institut für Ständewesen in Düsseldorf in this sense. A year later you left me very much to my own devices, and even approved the internment in the ill-famed camp of Dachau of the director of the institute, appointed by me in agreement with Herr Hess.

"In Dachau, my Chancellor, where my nephew came to a sudden death! His Schloss Fuschl near Salzburg was thrown as a sop to Herr von Ribbentrop, who was shameless enough to receive there the Foreign Minister of Italy and the envoy of Mussolini.

"I further remind you that Göring was certainly not sent to Rome to see the Holy Father, and to Doorn to interview the former Kaiser, in order to prepare those two for the forthcoming alliance with Communism. And yet you have suddenly concluded such an alliance, an act which no one has denounced more strongly than yourself in your book Mein Kampf. [Earlier edition, pp. 740-750.]

"Your new policy, Herr Hitler, is pushing Germany into the abyss and the German people into ruin. Reverse the machine while there is still time. Give the Reich a free Parliament, give the German people freedom of conscience, thought, and speech. Provide the necessary guaranties for the reinstatement of law and order, so that treaties and pacts can once again be built up in faith and confidence.

"International public opinion urges me to explain why I have left Germany. So far I have been silent. All the documents and written evidence

of my fifteen years of combat still remain secret. In a time when my fatherland is fighting a hard battle I do not wish to present its enemies with further moral weapons.

"If my words, the words of a free and sincere German, are concealed from the people, I propose to appeal to the conscience and to the judgment of the rest of the world. I wait.

"Heil Deutschland.

[signed] "FRITZ THYSSEN"

This letter to Hitler was not merely a rupture. I shall no longer confine myself to theoretical opposition to the Nazi leaders. I intend to declare war upon them. As a member of the Reichstag, it was my right and my duty to protest against war if such was my conviction. I should, however, have bowed to a valid decision of the Assembly, if such a decision had existed.

☆ FOR some time world opinion has been interested in the reasons for my departure from Germany. I am constantly asked why I have broken with National Socialism. As long as I benefited by a right of refuge in Swiss territory, I held my peace. The federal authorities had granted me permission to remain until March 31, 1940.

But this authorization implied for me the obligation to abstain from any kind of political activity while residing in their territory.

Some time after the dispatch of my letter to Hitler, I learned that the government of the Reich had issued a warrant for my arrest on a charge of embezzlement or something of the kind.

This was just a clumsy device to obtain my extradition. The Swiss government, informed of the reasons for my departure, refused even to consider the request. I take this opportunity of once more conveying to the Swiss government my sentiments of admiration and gratitude.

On February 4, 1940, the Official Gazette of the Reich published a decision of the Minister of the Interior depriving myself and my wife of our German citizenship. I deny any kind of justification for this last step, as I have done for the others.

On hearing of it, I dispatched to the Minister of the Interior a letter of protest.

I now accuse the German Chancellor of disloyalty and of violating his solemn oath; I summon him to restore Constitution, law, and justice in Germany; and I appeal to world public opinion by laying before it the documents in the case.

Fritz Thyssen's own grimly disillusioned account of his first meeting with Adolf Hitler—praised to him by General Ludendorff in a dark postwar hour when a bankrupt Reich was crumbling and its industrialists were trying to get its people "back to work"—and of his first big contribution to what was to prove to be the Nazi cause, will be given to the world in Liberty next week.

EMBLEMS OF EXCELLENCE

THE GOLD CUP. The "automobile boat" of 1904 that won the first Gold Cup Race amazed the world with a phenomenal speed of 23.6 miles per hour! Ever since then the Cup (shown at right) has been emblematic of national championship in power boat racing for craft of forty feet and under. To win this cup, a perpetual trophy of the American Power Boat Association, an entrant must triumph over the country's leading speedboat racers. Both driver and boat must be better than good!

ETHYL EMBLEM. There is an award for excellence in gasoline too. It is the Ethyl emblem. Gasoline in a pump which bears this emblem has to be better than good. It must be "tops" in anti-knock (octane number) and all-round quality. "Ethyl" means a cooler-running engine in summer, extra power throughout the year. When you stop to buy gasoline, the Ethyl emblem tells you which pump contains the best.

ETHYL
ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

THE BETTER THE GAS, THE BETTER YOUR CAR

MURDER WITH SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY

Continued from Page 25

looked at the door. It was a curious pantomime that I was watching, lying there in the shadow of the bed curtains. It was like a grotesque game of parlor charades with the actor unconscious of his audience. He turned back, put his hand on the mantel, and stood there for a moment, looking down at the hearth. Then he reached down and picked up the fire tongs, and held them for a moment.

If it really had been a game, I would have said, "Oh, I know . . . it's Mr. Minot you're thinking about, and you're thinking somebody killed him with the fire tongs . . . but you've forgotten the door was locked, and the key was lying on the floor inside." And then I saw he was thinking the same thing—if some one had killed Mr. Minot, there was still the fact of the key on the inside of the door. He stood there a moment longer, then went across to the door and took the old iron key out of the lock. He went outside and pulled the door shut behind him.

I watched, with a kind of horror growing over me, and sat up, my head swimming dizzily, as I heard the sound of iron scraping on wood. I heard it again, and stared down at the crack under the bottom of the old door. Slowly, and really terribly, the head and shank of the key appeared, moving under the door—and then with a sudden movement it shot out onto the carpet.

☆ STEVE opened the door. The key was lying there just as if it had dropped from the lock.

"Steve!" I gasped.

He whirled around and stared at me as if I were Mr. Minot come back from the grave. I was conscious of the burning pain in my arm, and then something slipped down my face and was salty when my tongue touched my lips, and I knew I was crying. And I knew it was because now I knew it wasn't Steve who'd shot me in the dingy shadowy hall of Tangier.

"Do you mean somebody . . . killed him, too?" I whispered.

He looked down at me for a moment. "I think so," he said. "Lie still. I hear them coming. We'll talk about it later. And listen. Don't say a thing about that room over there."

He went out to meet them, and I lay there trying to figure out what he meant. Did he believe—as I did—that it had been Miss Letty, still hunting for her locket? Or could he possibly have no thought of connecting that mess we'd cleaned up with Millicent Storm's murder and the attempt to kill me? Much as I didn't like to think Miss Letty was trying to murder me, there was certainly an extraordinary combination of circumstances. Cornelia swiped the locket and was killed. I had myself seen Miss Letty going through her belongings with careful and painstaking thoroughness. I knew perfectly well that it was her footprint on the bank above Cornelia's body. Millicent Storm had seen the locket and had wanted it, and she was dead . . . and her things had been as thoroughly if not as painstakingly gone through. And I knew perfectly well that Miss Letty had done that too . . . and I remembered suddenly, thinking that, that sound of the door closing when I was running past the house down toward the bayou.

I was going over all that, vaguely and painfully, when I heard voices in the hall, and then in a minute they were in the room—Steve and Jim Bailey and the doctor, brisk and businesslike and quite nice about being routed out of bed.

"Hold the light, Bailey," he said. "Did you apply this tourniquet, Mr. Heywood? Good job—you saved her life. I want some water boiled."

☆ THEN it seemed to me that hours passed of prodding and poking and cutting, and at last there was the relief as he took off the tourniquet. The doctor smoothed my hair back from my forehead gently.

"You're more scared than hurt," he said, smiling. "I'll be around in the morning. I'll call your husband and tell him about it."

I don't know whether all three of them stayed there the rest of the night or not. I could hear them out in the hall until everything became blurred, and when I woke up in the morning they were all there.

Jim Bailey came over and put the morning paper on my lap.

SECOND CLUBWOMAN MURDERED
THIRD WOUNDED
SHERIFF BAFFLED!

The huge headlines screamed across the whole top of the page.

"And I'm not baffled; I'm stumped," Jim said gloomily. "I figured you could give us some kind of a steer, maybe, Mis' Gould. Do you know any reason anybody'd have for murderin' a lot of clubwomen?"

Only Miss Letty's locket, I thought, but I shook my head. Steve was grinning like the village idiot, and Dr. Richards was smiling ironically.

"I know what you fellows are thinking," Jim Bailey said. "This is serious. If some maniac's loose murderin' clubwomen, it'll ruin Natchez."

"It's only *visiting* clubwomen, Jim," the doctor said.

"That's the idea," the sheriff said doggedly. "It's the visitors that make the pilgrimage. We've got to get to the bottom of this."

It was a little reassuring that we were a civic problem, Cornelia and Millicent and I, not merely a criminal or legal one. We had to be solved, so as not to frighten tourists away and ruin business. I wondered vaguely if they could sue us for damages.

"Of course we've got to find out who did it anyway," Jim said. "There's one thing I'd like to ask you, Mrs. Gould. I gathered last night you were having some sort of trouble with the judge."

I nodded.

"What was it about?"

I looked at Steve.

"Go ahead, tell him."

"Judge Drayton thought I'd been helping Steve and Anne see each other," I said. "And correctly. He didn't like it."

Jim nodded. "That doesn't help so much," he answered, with what seemed to be a remarkable lack of any real confidence. "The other ladies didn't have anything to do with it, did they?"

"No," I said.

When he'd gone, Steve came over and sat on the foot of my bed.

"Now we can get down to business," he said. "You see all this has become as simple as pie?"

"No," I said, "I don't."

"It's perfectly obvious. You know something that's so dangerous to somebody that he's willing to risk a second murder in one night to keep it from getting out. What is it?"

"You tell me," I said. "I'd like very much to know."

He shook his head. "That shot wasn't aimed at me. If I'd know anything, he could have got me when we were standing there. He was just outside on the gallery—cut the telephone wires first. Must have climbed up. It isn't hard."

"Unless," I said, "he—or she—was in the house already, and went out by one of the windows . . . in Mrs. Storm's room, say."

He looked at me. "What do you mean by that?"

"Look," I said. "Wouldn't it be simpler if I just told you everything from the beginning?"

"All right. Shoot."

"Don't say that," I said.

"All right. Tell me all, Mrs. Gould, if you please."

☆ I DID. I began at the beginning with Miss Letty's not wanting to come down, and I went all the way through the business of Miss Kate and the locket and Mrs. Storm's saying, "Do you think she could have lost it in that ditch?" and my saying "Probably."

"And what I'd like to know now, if you don't mind, is what you were doing out under the magnolia tree?" I asked Steve. "Because it *was* you, wasn't it?"

He looked at me blankly. "*Me?* What would I be doing under a magnolia tree in the moonlight all by myself?"

"But after you ran, I saw your car come in over here!"

"Not after *I* ran, because I didn't run. When I left you and Anne I drove around, I don't know how long. . . . She was like something I guess I must have dreamed about. I felt like a dirty low-down bum, talking the way I had at the ball."

For a moment we both forgot the man under the magnolia tree.

"What are you going to do, Steve? You got her letter."

He nodded. "Poor little devil," he said. "I'd like to . . . Oh, well."

"You mean you're just going to take it?" I demanded hotly.

"You keep your shirt on, sister. I said I was going to marry her, and that's that."

He stopped abruptly. Then he was across the room and out the door, and I heard the swift click of heels coming up the stairs.

"Anne!"

"Steve!"

I knew they were in each other's arms, clinging together. The almost desperate yearning in their voices as they'd met made me catch my breath.

"Where is she, Steve? Is she very bad?"

For a moment he didn't answer. I could see that my health wasn't of much importance just then.

"She's fine," he said. "Listen. I love you. I'm figuring—"

"Oh, don't!" she said. "Please—you mustn't! Where is she? I've got to see her, and I can't stay for more than a minute. They'll find out I've gone."

"You're not going back at all," he said. "You're going to stay with me—always."

"I can't, Steve. You don't *understand!*"

"I understand I'm in love with you, and you're going to marry me, and the hell with everything else," he said calmly.

☆ THEY came into my room.

"Louise!"

"It's practically nothing at all," I reassured her.

"I was so scared," she answered softly. "Whoever could have . . . I can't understand it. If there was anybody in town who'd known any of you before you came—but there wasn't."

I didn't say anything.

"The only people who knew Mrs. Cartwright were Mrs. Storm and you, and Aunt Letty, of course, and Steve, in a way. And Lusby. And now you and Mrs. Storm are out, and Lusby's out, because he was at Mamie's with Isaac last night, after he brought Alec's things to the house . . ."

"It leaves your Aunt Letty and Mr. Steven Heywood," Steve said.

"But that's ridiculous."

Two bright spots deepened under her long sweeping lashes.

"Where was your aunt last night, by the way, Anne?" Steve asked gently.

"At home."

She wasn't telling the truth, and she didn't lie very well, I thought—and I knew then that it was Miss Letty who'd rifled Millicent Storm's room.

Is meek little Miss Letty guilty of Cornelia's and Millicent's deaths and of the attempt to kill Louise? Why was Steve so surprised when he saw the locket? And what is the secret of the old yellowed clipping? Next week's chapter brings the story to an end that will surprise you.

Mr. Mattingly and Mr. Moore

A FAMOUS CHEF SHOULD BE AN EXPERT ON TASTE, MR. MATTINGLY.
JUST THE MAN, MR. MOORE, TO MAKE A WHISKEY COMPARISON FOR US.
NOW, ONE OF THESE WHISKIES IS HIGH-PRICED. THE OTHER SELLS FOR A LOT LESS.
WITHOUT KNOWING WHICH IS WHICH, TELL US THE ONE YOU LIKE BETTER.
YOU CAN'T FOOL A TASTE LIKE MINE, SIRS! THIS ONE'S GENTLER AND HAS A MORE PLEASING WHISKEY FLAVOR.
LIKE MOST MEN OF TASTE, MR. MOORE, HE PICKS OUR M & M — EVEN THOUGH IT'S THE LESS EXPENSIVE BRAND.
COMPARED STRAIGHT — THE TOUGHEST TEST OF ALL — M & M TASTES BETTER THAN HIGHER-PRICED BRANDS.
IT SURE DOES, MR. MATTINGLY. ALTHOUGH IT'S INEXPENSIVE, M & M IS REALLY ONE OF AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES.
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BLENDED WHISKEY—*86 proof. 72½% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville & Baltimore.*

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

... and greatest of

An expert ponders the seemingly invincible Mr. DiMaggio—Is he the top ballplayer of all time?

☆ WE were sitting, a bunch of us, in a corner of the outdoor roof garden of the Boston Ritz. The Babe was there, and Ty Cobb—it was the evening before their first golf match for British Relief—and there to greet them were a couple of dozen of the nation's top sports writers.

Talk turned—facetiously, of course—on which was the greatest baseball player of all time, the Babe or Ty. There was much chaffing back and forth, with big, booming Babe leading in the wisecracking, and a lot of laughs before the camera boys butted in and broke up the party. As the grand old pair got up to look at the birdie and smile, Babe gave Cobb a shove. "Anyhow," he bellowed, "I've got more hair than he's got!"

Babe said a headful.

The picture-taking over, the Sultan of Swat and the Georgia Peach left, and the gang started fanning again. Finally a visiting sourpuss (the same who is now addressing you) cut in with:

"Neither of 'em ain't it."

"Ain't what?"

"The greatest baseball player of all time. That's Joe DiMaggio."

The remark did not meet with salvos of applause. If we had been in New York, it would have been a natural. But Boston had a potent young ballplayer of its own, one Ted the Terror Williams, who was leading all leagues at the moment with a tidy batting average of .400 plus. Most Boston crowds would have sprung to arms as one man rather than admit that even the greatest of the Great DiMaggios had anything on their Ted.

Moreover, only a short time before, the Yankee Fly Falcon had picked a capacity double-header holiday crowd at Boston's Fenway Park before which to help himself to two muffs afield and two wild throws to nowhere—in short, to the all-out worst day he had ever had. To be sure, it had transpired some days later that he had been suffering from a painful glandular ailment in the neck. Nevertheless, it was fair to assume that his standing in Boston was just then at an all-time low.

But this crowd on the roof, though predominantly Bostonian, was expert. They all knew DiMag was good. They might even have admitted that he was—pitchers excepted—the best of the current lot. But to say that any of that lot could possibly be a greater player than the boys of the golden days—well, sports writers are a bunch of softies, anyhow!

Take hard-boiled Bill Cunningham: he's still crying his eyes out because so few people remember Hughie Duffy's feat of forty-seven years ago, a .438 average over a 124-game season. Bill doesn't feature the fact that in Duffy's day, and Willie Keeler's too, there was no foul-strike rule. On the other hand, we hear a lot these days about the advantage which the lively ball gives the modern batter; and it is true so far as home runs are concerned. But a hitter like DiMaggio or Duffy or Keeler or Hornsby or Cobb or Ruth could hit a ball out of the infield just as often if it was made of iron or lead. No dead ball ever affected materially the *number* of hits a good batter could make, only the *length* of them.

In other words, the lively ball counts very little in compiling batting averages and consecutive-game slugging streaks, whereas the foul-strike rule counts a great deal. So when Ted Williams compiles a batting average almost as high as Hughie Duffy's he is really compiling a higher one, and when Joe DiMaggio compiles a longer consecutive-game streak than Willie Keeler, he is really compiling a much longer one.

But let's not be stuffy and technical. The respectful silence with which Sourpass' audacious remark was met, there in Boston, was a tribute to Joe, to the man who was destined within the next few weeks to prove, if records count for anything, that, in addition to being baseball's fielder, thrower, and team player *par excellence*, he was the most consistently powerful hitter the game had ever seen.

As a matter of fact, his record-breaking run of consecutive-game hitting was well on its way when the above bull session was being held, but nobody was paying any attention. Joe was always going off on long slugging streaks. He had had one of 18 or 19 earlier this same season. He himself says he didn't notice this one until it got to about 35. Then he began to take an interest. So did the opposing pitchers. He faced more than a score of different ones during this streak, and they were all bearing down. But Joe bore down, too, and topped Keeler's mark of 44 with a prodigious four-base drive. It was his eighteenth home run of the season, his thirteenth during the streak, and his hundreth hit of the year, the first 1941 century to be made by any player—and the season something less than half over.

Of course, Sourpuss didn't know all this was going to happen when he nominated Joseph Paul for the baseball throne, and it wouldn't have made any difference to him if he had. His belief in the brawny outfielder was based on no single streak, however long or notable. One of his proudest possessions was the carbon copy of this letter written by him at the end of Joe's first season in the majors:

"Twenty-four years old, playing baseball only three years, DiMaggio has everything. I was on the Coast when he made his first bid for fame, followed him through his first season with the Yanks, watched him in every game of the World's Series—and I'll stake my bit on his being the ballplayer of the future."

Since that letter was written, Liberty too has staked its bit on Big Joe as a Truly Great. And Joe hasn't let us down.

But Sourpuss wasn't basing his belief in Joe on any personal hunch, either. He had been through the record books to see if he could find a better ballplayer. First of all, he had gone away back and had dug up all the available figures about the big six who are believed to have ranked highest in the batting averages of the nineteenth century. Of these six old-timers, Billy Hamilton's lifetime average tops Joe's by 8 points, Ed Delehanty's by 3; while Joe's tops Jesse Burkett's by 1, Willie Keeler's by 2, Hugh Duffy's by 13, and Hans Wagner's by 14. Pitting DiMaggio against the field—his lifetime average against the average lifetime average of the six—Joe wins, .343 to .339.

Once past 1900, Sourpuss found an even more formidable array of claimants to the baseball batting throne: Cobb, Ruth, Collins, Sisler, Speaker, Hornsby, Wheat, Terry, Gehrig. Of these nine, Ty Cobb's lifetime average tops Joe's by twenty-four points, .367 to .343, and Hornsby's tops Joe's by 15 and Speaker's tops it by 2; but Joe's tops Sisler's and Terry's by 2, Gehrig's by 3, Collins' by 10, Ruth's by 18, and Wheat's by 26. His average beats the average average of all nine .343 to .332.

By their time, home runs were recorded. Eddie Collins averaged 2 a year, Cobb and Speaker 5, Sisler and Wheat 6, Terry 7, Hornsby 10. Joe has averaged 29, equaled only by Gehrig and topped only by Ruth with his 31, an all-time tops. Again against the field, and with due attention to the fact that he has hit only against the lively ball, Joe wins on lifetime averages, 29 to 11.

During this middle period "Runs Batted In" began to appear in the record books. Insufficient information on this point is available on Sisler, Speaker, and Wheat, but we know that Eddie Collins averaged knocking in 55

runs a year, Bill Terry 64, Rogers Hornsby 66, Babe Ruth 95, and Lou Gehrig 117. Joe DiMaggio's lifetime RBI average is 135. Against the average average, he wins again, 135 to 81.

When it comes to present-day ballplayers, his complete mastery of the lifetime average situation is undisputed. In the day-by-day percentages, only Paul Waner's .340, Johnny Mize's .339, Ted Williams' .336, Jimmie Foxx's .334, and Muscles Medwick's .333 approach Joe's .343. Taft Wright has a brief but impressive .329, and Gehringer and Greenberg follow with .326. The others—there are about thirty who have a lifetime of .300 or better—trail inconspicuously. Selecting the six leaders and the first nine trailers for averaging purposes, the score is: Joe, .343; All Stars, .325.

Jimmie Foxx's lifetime average of

the
these is Joe

BY YANKEE STADE

28 home runs a year trails Joe's by 1. Ott's 26 and Hank Greenberg's 23 are the only other important competitors. Joe doesn't specialize in homers. He has led his league only once in four-base slams; but his steady clouting season after season produces enough home runs to make his average output lead his fifteen leading rivals 29 to 13.

In runs batted in there just isn't any race. Double XX's 103, Ott's 98, and Medwick's 89 are the nearest; then come Vaughan's 78, Cronin's 77, Greenberg's 72, and Gehringer's 71; the others trail. DiMaggio against the field: 135 to 66.

How about Jeff Heath, you say; isn't he a good hitter? Sure he is, this year especially, and his lifetime figure is high; but his major-league average is only .290. And Pete Reiser sure can hit, but he has yet to play a full season of major-league ball. Neither Jeff's lifetime .290 nor Pete's half-time .355 would throw the modern figures out more than a point or two.

Of course Al Simmons belongs in there somewhere, and so does Chuck Klein; but they are hard to classify because they were playing with the old boys and are still playing now and again. But Al's .337 and Chuck's .324 would not change materially the average figures in either classification. Napoleon Lajoie, Jake Daubert, Earl Combs, Frankie Frisch, Ed Rousch, Bob Meusel, Shoeless Joe Jackson, Gabby Cravath, Lefty O'Doul, Ross Young, Mike Donlin, a half dozen others were in-between men in their time, too. If they all went in, they might change the averages a few points, but not enough to affect the outcome so far as DiMaggio is concerned. He now has only one really decisive lead yet to overcome—Cobb's .367 lifetime batting average. It is too early to say that Joe won't achieve a lifetime .367 before he is through.

Still only twenty-six, he has already surpassed every one who ever played major-league baseball in the all-important matter of runs batted in. And when it comes to determining the greatest ballplayer of all time, runs batted in should count double; for it is runs that win ball games.

But it is not as a batter alone that he shows his greatness. It is in everything that he does from the time he arrives at the ball park. On the bases, he is what Sydney Smith said Daniel Webster was: "a steam engine in trousers." With a ball in his hand, he is the deadliest menace to runners going into third or home that the game has ever seen. And as for covering ground out there where the fences begin, he's the longest and widest blanket the game has ever seen

When he came up from the minors, a bashful boy of twenty, the wise guys said he lacked color, and he hasn't it in the sense that Cobb had it, that Ruth had it. But Cobb had so much of it that he antagonized almost everybody with whom he came in contact: umpires, spectators, members of his own team. Ruth never could remember the name of anybody he met, even members of his own team. DiMag isn't like that at all. A dead pan on the field—that's the hangover from his early bashfulness; he still calls the Yankee manager "Mr. McCarthy"—he is warm and genial off the field, a favorite with his teammates. During that consecutive-game run every one of them was more excited, on his account, than he was.

Then Joe has that other quality which marks the really valuable player. He does his best when the pressure is on. He rises to an occasion

He's a champion!

THE END

This Man's Army

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

This department of Liberty is for the armed forces of the United States: the men in training, the men of the Regular Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard—also their kinsfolk and friends. The identity of writers will be held in strict confidence, of course, though full signatures are preferred.

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

☆ DOWN here in Puerto Rico, the papers and radio tell us about the "more democratic Army," with hostesses and recreational facilities and big parties for enlisted men on leave. So it sorta rubs me the wrong way when I read some of those letters from recruits you print. Few of us here can speak Spanish; the climate isn't too healthy; the food isn't the best in the Army because it has to be shipped in by boat; we can't get a furlough unless it is an emergency; and our term of service here is to be three years instead of the usual two.

I'm writing this just to let those yard birds back in the States know what it is to have it really tough. We aren't kicking, at least not out loud. You see, we figger that things may get a lot worse before they get any better. And how those lads under General Washington at Valley Forge would have envied us! We can take it, Sarge, but I hope some of the youngsters back home will read this and be a little ashamed of themselves.

Corp. G. F. H.,
Borinquen Field, P. R.

As Einstein might say, "It's all relative," Corporal. I could show you letters from men in the Philippines, Panama, Alaska, and elsewhere which would make you think you're pretty well off where you are. But I agree that, in comparison with stations at home, yours is no bed of roses, and I don't blame you for not liking the crybabies' letters. But it's a cockeyed world and the kids who have it easy now may not always have it that way.

As a young working girl trying to speak for many others in the same position, let me state our problem in relation to the soldiers. What nice girl has the nerve to walk up to a boy, introduce herself, and ask him out to her house for Sunday dinner? I know *I* haven't; yet I'd thoroughly enjoy entertaining a soldier at my home and I'll bet he'd like to get a taste of home cooking and meet my family and friends. Now, how can we get together?

(Miss) M. M., Birmingham, Ala.

I'm not sufficiently familiar with your local set-up to tell you just how to go about it, but surely there are existing civic organizations which work to bring the boys and girls together socially. Why not ask your Chamber of Commerce or the Y. W. C. A. or whatever special service club may have been organized for the men? How about it, Birmingham? Here's a gal who really wants to help.

The only thing about this Army that I mind is the hostile attitude of some of our noncoms. Are these "Johns" really as tough as they talk or has a little authority gone to their heads? Some of them delight in scaring new recruits half to death with threats of K. P. and the guardhouse. Their methods are crude and the jobs done under their direction just get by, whereas our commissioned officers use finesse and the results speak for themselves: well done! Why aren't the punks reported? Well, nobody loves a stoolie, and we know that they'll hang themselves when the rope's long enough.

Pvt. F. E., Jefferson Barracks, Mo.

You haven't left much for me to say. A few noncoms are that way and always will be. But they can't get far without the support of the men under them, and sooner or later their superior officers will get wise. Meanwhile, keep your shirt on and your lip buttoned up. Now read the next letter.

When I came into this Army I expected to be made a soldier the hard way. Hard? That's a laugh. The corporals are as tough as morning-glories and the sergeants practically kiss you on the cheek. Democracy is fine for civilians, but what we need here is a little dictator stuff. One old-time, hard-boiled three-striper could do a lot more by cracking down on us than all these Alphonses and Gastons. Maybe the Army doesn't think we could take it. The Army would be surprised!

Pvt. H. W. A., 1st Armored Division,
Fort Knox, Ky.

Well, well! Too bad that you and F. E. at Jefferson Barracks can't arrange a mutual so that you'd both be happy. Or would you? The grass always looks greener on the other side of the fence, you know.

I'm a master sergeant, a university graduate, admitted to the bar in Georgia, and yet I sometimes feel that I'm a social outcast. It hurts my wife even more, because she has a social background equal to or better than the officers' wives with whom she may not associate. Now you know what I'm talking about. It seems a pity that in this great democracy there should be such artificial barriers between human beings.

In our apartment house there are four officers' families and mine; yet we can do no more than observe the essential courtesies, and my wife is never invited to their apartments nor can she entertain the wives in ours. The other day a lieutenant's little girl told my small daughter that *her* father wasn't a soldier, he was an officer.

Master Sgt. F. C. R.,
Fort Bliss, Tex.

Never having worn bars, I can fully appreciate your position and feelings, especially where your wife is concerned. You can blame the system but not the individuals who have to live under it. I mean the officers and their families who would be looked upon as "queer" if they attempted to break down those long established "artificial barriers" of which you speak. I have a hunch that this "war" is going to do a lot of things to Army custom and bring about some changes in its social structure. Let's see if I'm right.

"You will now be entertained by a series of regimental marches."

"What caused that explosion at the ammunition dump?"

"Aw, some rookie was carryin' a case of grenades and mess call blew."

The Post,
Savanna Ordnance Depot, Ill.

TOMORROW WE MARCH—Continued from Page 19

He halted, listening. The sound came from somewhere on the other side of Geneva, and presently he heard the clangor of the *pompiers*.

He stepped out on the balcony, searching the skies for the fire's glow. But there was no sign of flames anywhere along the lake. The moon had reappeared, and Lac Léman lay shimmering below him in all its beauty.

Philip stood there, yielding for a moment to the enchantment of moonlight and a breeze that flowed through his hair like cool water. The sounds of the pompiers subsided and he forgot them. He found himself thinking, with a strange sense of excitement, about Lisa Abernathil.

They had spent many hours together in the garden below the balcony. They had talked of Vienna—of the old Vienna—and the nostalgia in her voice had sometimes stirred him to pity. Yet he had always known a feeling of perplexity too, almost of misgiving, while he watched Lisa. He didn't know why.

☆ SHE was exquisite—he had to concede that. There had been times when he had wanted to take that glorious figure of hers into his arms. Possibly she had guessed how he felt, for once she had given him a quiet, oblique, understanding smile. . . . He hadn't touched her. Always that queer feeling of uncertainty, like a warning, had been in the way.

Now he glanced toward her doors. The balcony, partitioned by an iron grille, served her room as it did his, and he remembered nights when they had sat out here, gazing at the moonlit mountains, talking languidly of trivial things, even laughing softly like normal people in a normal world. There was a wicker chaise longue on Lisa's half of the balcony. She would lie back in it, her arms behind her flaxen hair, eyes half closed. Seeing her like that, Philip had known a fierce desire to step over that grille, to be close to her.

He was still looking at Lisa's partly open balcony doors when another door, inside her room, was softly shut.

He heard the sound distinctly. Then he caught quick, cautious footsteps. And because it was half past three in the morning, they astonished him.

He waited awhile, puzzled, aware of an exaggerated surge of excitement. Did the shutting of that door mean she had just come in? At half past three? . . . Frowning a little, Philip went into his room.

But before he reached the bed he knew Lisa was on the balcony. He knew it almost intuitively, without really hearing her steps. And he turned again to the doors.

He was right. Eyes closed to the breeze, head tilted back, Lisa Abernathil leaned against the balustrade. Philip had the impression that she desperately needed the nerve-quieting touch of that breeze. The moonlight made her streaming hair silvery. She wore a silken negligee, and in the wind her body was a sculptor's dream.

He stepped forward, and she turned swiftly, eyes startled.

"*Himmel*, you frightened me!"

"Sorry." He stepped out, tall and casual, with his slow American grin. "Should I have knocked?"

"And coughed—certainly. Do you always walk about at three thirty?"

"It's those pompiers. How can anybody sleep through the racket?"

"I'm grateful to them," Lisa said, with a laugh, and waved to the lake. "To be awakened to this—it is *Wunderschön* tonight!"

He marveled at the swiftness with which she regained composure. The tension of her body, when she had stood rigid before the wind, had vanished. Now, save for the fact that she spoke hushedly, she was the Lisa Abernathil he had always known. As he drew a silver case from his dressing gown, he tried to match her poise.

"Cigarette?"

"*Bitte*, yes."

He lit one for her, and over the flame his eyes smiled into hers. She was so close to him, bending across the low grille, that the fragrance of the scent she used flowed into his nostrils. Gardenias, he thought. Or hyacinths. Whatever it was, he liked it.

They stood at the balustrade together, smoking in silence, watching the sparkle of moonlight on water. Philip realized his heart was beating faster than it should. He attempted to deride the nervousness with a bit of cynicism. Moonlight, he thought. A balcony. The most beautiful woman I've ever known. And what do I do? I smoke and pretend interest in a lake. . . . Philip, maybe you're a fool.

But it wasn't funny, really. In a way, it was grim. The work he was doing demanded that he live a hidden life. He couldn't admit Lisa or any other woman to that life. That, he knew, was one of the reasons he had always kept a wall of reserve around himself.

"It will be a pity," she murmured, "to go away from Geneva. I love it."

☆ THAT roused him to protest. "But you're not leaving?"

"Yes, Philip."

"Good heavens, why?"

"One can't stay forever. My funds are giving out." She hesitated. "There's a man in Lucerne who said he might help me get money out of Austria. I'm going to see him."

Philip thoughtfully rubbed the stub of his cigarette in a flowerpot.

"Well," he said, "Lucerne isn't very far. Possibly we'll see each other again."

"I—hope so, Philip. You have been very nice," she said. "I was lonely when I came here. Dreadfully lonely. And a little afraid, too. You helped me forget that."

"Purely selfish motives. I enjoyed being with you."

"Not Malt, Not Rum, Not Wine, Not Nuts,

So Help Me, It's Tobacco!"

Indianapolis, Ind.
June 27, 1941

Larus & Bro., Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

I'm still a young fellow, or like to think so, and as long as I've smoked, I've smoked a pipe. Life for me has been a continual round of trying different tobacco.

I've paid as high as six dollars a pound for the stuff. I've had mixtures made to order.

I've smoked tobacco that tasted like honey, that tasted like rum, that tasted like wine, that tasted like maple sugar, that tasted like nuts, that tasted like burning hickory, that tasted like sweet grass. I once smoked a British blend that tasted like somebody's old tweed suit, so help me.

But Edgeworth—I can't possibly explain it, but Edgeworth tastes an awful lot like tobacco! Possibly it *is* tobacco and not malt, not apples, not rum, not wine, not something to disguise the taste of a product the manufacturer is ashamed of.

I shouldn't take up your time like this, really. But I long ago promised the first time I found a tobacco I could smoke for a month or more steadily without tongue-bite, throat irritation, dizziness, and at the same time enjoy the flavor every time I lighted the pipe—when I found that kind of tobacco, I was going to write the manufacturer and tell him about it. *Thanks for Edgeworth, gentlemen!*

(Signed) G. T. Fleming Roberts

NOTE: Mr. Roberts got acquainted with America's Finest Pipe Tobacco by sending in this coupon for a generous sample tin.

SEND FOR SAMPLE (At Our Expense)

LARUS & BRO. CO.
308 So. 22nd St., Richmond, Virginia

Please send me, *at your expense*, a generous sample of EDGEWORTH Ready-Rubbed—America's Finest Pipe Tobacco

Name _____
(Please print your name and address clearly)

Address _____

City or Town _____

State _____ 308

Each advertisement appearing in Liberty has been scrutinized carefully. We believe every product or service so presented can be relied upon to live up to all statements made in the advertisement.

He watched her crush her cigarette on the balustrade. Her eyes were dreaming.

"It's cruel, isn't it, the way war tosses one about?" she murmured slowly. "You and I—America and Austria—thrown together for a small moment on a balcony over Léman. We exchange a word, a cigarette, a smile. Perhaps we please each other a little. Or—or we hurt each other a little. And then it is over. We are gone. The balcony is part of a dream that never happened."

He didn't reply. He felt strange, listening to her in this mood. He gazed down at the tiny waves lapping the shore, and when he looked at her again he saw something that made him straighten in consternation. Tears in her eyes. . . .

"Lisa!"

She shook her head, smiling. "It is nothing. I—I am being foolish. Sentimental. It is an old Viennese luxury."

Nevertheless he caught her shoulders, man fashion, squeezed them as though to give her strength. He even tried to joke about it.

"Lisa, don't you know you mustn't do this to a man in the middle of the night?"

"It is nothing—nothing—" She was still smiling; yet her tears lingered, too. "Good night, Philip."

"Wait." He stepped impulsively over the grille. All the doubts, all the hesitations of the past few weeks melted away in the moonlight. He had Lisa in his arms, holding her tight to himself. "I can't let you go off crying. It—it's been hard enough to let you go with a laugh."

"I'm not crying. Not really. I'm—quite happy, Philip."

"It's the saddest-looking happiness I've ever seen."

He kissed her then. It was a firm, long kiss full upon the lips. He could feel his heart pound furiously against the softness of her body. And he could feel her sudden trembling, the pressure of her hands on his back. When at last he released her, he managed to laugh a little, shakily. He nodded to the grille.

"For four weeks that thing has stood there like the walls of a fortress. A thousand times I've wanted to step over it like this."

"And a thousand times," Lisa whispered, "I prayed you would. . . . But not now, Philip. Not tonight." She smiled again, her hand suddenly squeezing him. "Good night, Philip."

Then she stepped into her room and pulled the doors closed behind her.

☆ BEFORE Philip Layden fell asleep he thought a great deal about Lisa Abernathil. He tried to review the scattered things she had revealed about herself in the past four weeks. Her father, a physician in Vienna, had been passionately anti-Nazi; he had been clubbed to death by a Storm Trooper; she herself had fled across the Swiss border to avoid a concentration camp.

If he had believed all that—and why shouldn't he have believed it?—he couldn't understand the source of the misgivings he'd always had. They seemed illogical now, almost absurd.

Yet, he realized, he had been wary of almost everybody at the Pension Beau Soleil. Fat Signor Cisti and his little dark wife; that swarthy Bulgarian couple, the Mezzeks; gaunt Arturo Gomez, the Spaniard; even dainty, gray-haired Mlle. Albine. What could you really know about any of them? How many worked for Britain, for the German Gestapo? Why were they here? . . .

But he fell asleep thinking of Lisa.

When he awoke, the sun was high. He lay still awhile, gazing at it, remembering that tonight he must smuggle 5,000 copies of Pour la Liberté into Nazi-occupied France. Then he rose, suddenly alert.

It was after ten when he sat down at a garden table for breakfast.

Yvette, the plump blonde waitress, brought his customary coffee and brioches with a cheery, *"Bon jour, monsieur!* Monsieur slept well?"

"Very well, thank you." He looked around for Lisa, even glanced up at the balcony; but she was not there.

"Madame feared all the guests would be awakened by the pompiers last night," said Yvette. "What a noise!"

Philip buttered a brioche while she poured his coffee. "Where was the fire? Have you heard?"

☆ BEFORE Yvette could reply, the radio on the lower porch began its news program. Philip listened to the announcer's staccato voice:

"BERLIN. Eleven men, convicted of engaging in anti-Nazi activities, were reported executed this morning. The Ministry of Public Information, however, termed as fantastic all rumors that this indicated the existence of a widespread anti-Nazi underground movement. All such rumors, the ministry insisted, are pieces of British propaganda."

Philip couldn't help smiling. Propaganda? Did the Germans really expect any one to believe there were no such journals as Pour la Liberté, no secret radio communications, no surging undercurrent of hatred and rebellion throughout the occupied countries? He tightened the line of his lips cryptically. Then he remembered Yvette.

"Sorry. Did you say you knew where the fire was?"

"*Oui, monsieur.* It was in one of those hidden printing shops where the Germans print their secret propaganda!"

Philip Layden stared at her. "Where was it?" he demanded. "Where was it, Yvette?"

"Oh, in some abandoned old chalet at the end of the Rue des Cignes."

Did Lisa betray Philip and his friends? Is she working for the Nazis? How much does the enemy know? Can Philip get over the border safely with his pamphlets? Go on with this exciting novel next week. Danger, thrills, and romance crowd the coming chapters.

They'll all like it, lady... with Miracle Whip

Everybody goes for salads with *Miracle Whip*—the dressing with the "different" flavor! Miracle Whip's lively zest and extra smoothness have made it far and away America's favorite. It actually outsells the next 20 leading brands combined!

America's Favorite! BUY THE QUART SIZE AND SAVE

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 58 SECONDS

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER AND FASHION AUTHORITY

☆ SUPPOSE you were required to describe yourself as a type, both physical and mental. Could you say with assurance, "I'm a tall pensive blonde," or "I'm a noisy little brunette," or whatever your kind may be? Have you ever made up your mind about yourself? Do you see yourself as a definite type? . . . Margaretta Byers, style consultant, authority on jobs for women, declares you'll get along faster and further if you know *what* you are. Once you've decided, according to her theory you will dress and act and work in ways that suit you naturally, then you'll have greater chances of success, because you'll be playing your own game. . . . Tall, thoughtful, artistically *chic*, Miss Byers is a young lady of wide experience in advertising, cosmetics, clothes design, department-store merchandising. She writes, expertizes new products, conducts a fashion feature syndicated to newspapers. What she has to say about getting and holding a job is worth listening to, and the wisdom of learning to recognize your own *type* is her first advice. Talking with her the other day, I inquired how she happened to choose the style profession. . . . "Well," said Margaretta, "my Aunt Florence was a schoolteacher, my Aunt Katherine a musician, my Aunt Rosalie a social worker. Each aunt thought I ought to take up *her* trade—so of course I *had* to do something different."

☆ MISS BYERS' latest book, Help Wanted—Female, packs a 400-page volume full of useful guidance to careers in the field of fashion. (Published by Julian Messner, Inc.)

☆ PRIVATE spy stories circulate now in almost every neighborhood. Best I've heard comes from Long Island, where a rich society lady, her house staffed by help of mixed nationalities, had a dictograph secretly installed in her servants' dining room, to spot any possible espionage. Listening in, she failed to hear a word that sounded like spy talk—but she *did* get more inside scandal about her friends and neighbors than she herself could have obtained in a lifetime of social gossip!

☆ A READER who has a good deal of week-end company tells me the bed-pillow situation frets her. She seldom knows her guests' preferences—hard pillows or soft—and they say, "Please don't bother; any pillow suits me," but next morning they look as though they'd been sleeping on a park bench. . . . For your information, hotel housekeepers have learned the following: Most men like firm goose-feather pillows, while most women like soft downy pillows, which cost more. Softest and costliest are 100 per cent down. Soft enough for the average gal, however, are pillows of 75 per cent down, 25 per cent goose. Moderate-priced pillows, medium soft, have 75 per cent goose feathers, 25 per cent down. . . . For beauty's sake, smartest up-to-date girls sleep on *no* pillow at all.

☆ HERE'S a *Vealburger Cream Casserole*, appetizingly saucy, in case your hot-weather taste has gone jaded: . . . Run 4 cups cooked veal through grinder with 4 rashers bacon. Add 1 egg, 3 slices stale bread soaked in milk and squeezed dry, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon minced parsley, pepper and salt.

Shape into walnut-size meat balls; drop in boiling water with 1 slice onion; simmer gently 10 minutes; take out and drain. Prepare a cream sauce made piquant with 1 tablespoon capers and a little vinegar from the caper bottle. Put meat balls in sauce and reheat.

Potatoes and celery cooked and mashed fluffy together are the best vegetable accompaniment to serve with this.

☆ HOSTESSES may feel more nervous than ever since North Carolina scientist Dr. A. C. Cornsweet has just discovered that liquor and gasoline fumes can hit the same people the same way. Those who laugh, cry, or quarrel when tipsy on cocktails will be inclined, says the doctor, to misbehave likewise from sniffing too much gasoline. So now, if guests arrive in a suspect condition, we won't know whether to smell their breath or examine their car before daring to offer them another drink. . . . *Dear* Dr. Cornsweet, the problem was tough enough as it was!

☆ INTERESTING letter from Lilliyan Stewart of Waycross, Georgia, where local children this year held their eleventh annual *Protect the Toad Week*. To help bring about a new deal for toads, as valued catchers of destructive insects, the kids build toad houses in their back yards, write toad stories, take toad photos, study toad lore, and encourage toads generally. Their toad crusade has been boosted by such celebrities as Osa Johnson, Julia Peterkin, Alice Hughes, Booth Tarkington, Robert Ripley, Walt Disney.

Miss Stewart wants to know: How many of *us* loved toads when *we* were little girls?

"No, I'm not drowning—but will you blow up my horse?"

THE LAST WORD: *Another Liberty Correspondent in Trouble*

© RACHRACH
FULTON OURSLER

WHEN THIS WAR IS OVER—*and it's sure to be over sometime*—I believe that Robert Low's story, to appear in next week's Liberty, will be regarded as one of the classics of overseas correspondence. It is Bob Low's own story of his ambush and capture—an ambush in which nine of his companions were killed and others wounded; a capture, which for a while seemed only a prelude to a firing squad. Only by a strange device did Bob, son of battle, get his personal narrative into our hands for you to read. In Ankara, to which he was expelled, he had money trouble. We were able to send cash to him through the kindly offices of Secretary Hull of the State Department.

BUT HE HAD TO PAY CASH for cable tolls; he couldn't send his story collect; to send him more money would take time, so we resorted to the very latest wrinkle in foreign correspondence—we arranged for Bob to broadcast by short wave the story he had written. This broadcast was picked up by NBC and transcribed on a phonograph record. From this a stenographer clicked off a manuscript. All so that next week you may read a really hair-raising and at the same time humorous firsthand account of the only American war correspondent to be ambushed, to be as close to death as any man will ever likely come, without getting shot, and then finally to be bombed by his own pals.

I FEEL CONFIDENT THAT YOU WILL LIKE next week's issue. There are further revelations by Fritz Thyssen of I Paid Hitler's Way to Power, another exciting installment of Oscar Schisgall's Tomorrow We March, and the stirring finish of Leslie Ford's Murder with Southern Hospitality. There is also a really fine short story by an old Liberty favorite, MacKinlay Kantor's Ma's Gone West. Another good short story is Howard Breslin's Dirty Work at the Crossroads. The President of Mexico has written a piece for us called What Is a Good Neighbor? Frederick L. Collins tells something of the private life of Arch Oboler, dramatic skyrocket of radio dramas. Jack Dempsey, who knows tennis very well indeed, writes Champ or Chump? George Jean Nathan tells about the summer carnival shows. Princess Kropotkin and Bubbles Schinasi have new information that every girl will want to read.

SALMAGUNDI: Another foreign correspondent of Liberty is in trouble, although being in trouble is no new experience for her. She is Nilla Cram Cook, daughter of George Cram Cook, poet and novelist who staged Eugene O'Neill's first plays in Provincetown and spent his last years on Mount Parnassus in Greece. About two years ago Nilla went to Turkey and occasionally sent us stories from various parts of the Near East. Recently news dispatches told how a group of American reporters and a woman radio announcer were seized by German officers "somewhere in non-German Europe," as the date line read, and were taken to Berlin under Gestapo guard. They included Wes Gallagher of the Associated Press, Betty Wason of the Columbia Broadcasting System, George Weller of the Chicago Daily News, and Miss Cook. Nilla was told that she would be taken away by plane with the others, but in the twinkling of an eye she seemed to disappear. Since then nothing has been heard from her. Before she left she had told friends she was going to visit her father's grave. Mr. Cook was buried on Mount Parnassus, near Delphi, home of the ancient oracle. Perhaps the Gestapo will miss the oracle, for they will have a hard time finding Nilla if she is hiding in one of the several hundred caves that pockmark the slopes of the hill where once the gods of Greece were thought to live. Poor Nilla. Once the intimate friend of Gandhi, she was bowed out of India by the British authorities. I hope she is comfortable. She may be in a cave; but one thing is certain —her courage will never cave in. . . . From all over the country people have sent me more hazing gags inflicted on newcomers in various trades and professions. The Rev. Ralph Welles Keeler, pastor of Goodsell Memorial Methodist Church in Brooklyn, recalls that he was sent after a left-handed monkey wrench. George M. Adams of Wyandotte, Michigan, speaks of the "type louse" which every neophyte has to look at in a print shop. A squirt of water hits your eye when you look. I remember my composing-room baptism in my reporter days on the Baltimore American. Mr. Adams had a colorful career in being hazed. He was sent to the grocery store for pickles without warts on them, rock molasses, slippery-elm nuts, and once got a harmless whaling with a strap when he arrived at a harness shop for five cents' worth of "strap oil." W. N. Vade Bon Coeur, 104 May Avenue, Syracuse, New York, once worked in a drugstore where he had to look for a bottle stretcher. Joe F. Hill of Arp, Texas, was sent by a plumber to get a bucket of steam. Later he worked in a bank and was ordered to bring in a roll of overdraft tape . . . Sure Money Talks, But—! the short story by Newlin B. Wildes which we published recently, is to be a starring vehicle for Gene Autry. . . . Fred Allen tells this story about H. Allen Smith, who wrote the best seller, Low Man on a Totem Pole: "His current hobby is reading quickly. If a story in Liberty specifies: 'Reading Time • 12 Minutes,' Smith will read it in five and save seven minutes. Last year, the minutes saved reading stories under par added up to six days and enabled Smith to enjoy almost an extra week of his vacation (which he spent practicing)." . . . Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche, the great German philosopher, summed it all up when he said: "Wherever Germany extends her sway, she ruins culture." . . . Frakson, the magician who is making a large-sized radio vanish while playing every night at the Starlight Roof of New York's Waldorf-Astoria, tells Ted Annemann's story about a brother magician who backed the theater manager into a corner. "Listen!" cried the necromancer. "Did you hear the applause I got tonight?"

"I sure did," said the manager. "The audience loved you. It is simply marvelous the way you pull a thousand one-hundred-dollar bills out of thin air."

"Exactly," said the magician. "What are you going to do about it?"

"What do you want me to do about it?" asked the manager; and the magician said, "I want a two-dollar-a-week raise."

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

★ ★ ★ ★ **CONTENTS—AUGUST 23, 1941** ★ ★ ★ ★

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY PRESTON DUNCAN

★ ★ ★ **LIBERTY—THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE** ★ ★ ★

LIBERTY—TO DO WHAT?

THREE soldiers on a street corner, wondering where to go from here.

Where next—in a town whose sidewalks are overflowing with men on leave from camp? A dance somewhere? No such luck, soldier. The movies? Take a look at that line down the block. Somewhere to meet a friend, to write a letter . . .

"Dad used to tell me about places back in '17 . . ."

"We were at war then, Buddy. People cared."

• • • •

Isn't it time America woke up to the fact that building an army is more than camps and guns? An army is men. And one of the most urgent problems in any all-out scheme of national defense is how to provide for these men off duty.

Within the camps and naval stations the services themselves have excellent facilities. But in the surrounding cities and towns, the problem is urgent and serious.

Many of the newer army camps are located far from the larger centers. Into towns of 1,000 to 5,000 population may come as many as 3,000 men on a single evening. Not half of them can find places to eat; hardly any can find opportunities for wholesome entertainment.

To meet this emergency all the "service agencies" of the last war have joined forces. The Y. M. C. A., the National Catholic Community Service, the Salvation Army, the Y. W. C. A., the Jewish Welfare Board and the National Travelers Aid Association have combined to form the United Service Organizations—known as the U. S. O. Differences of race and creed have been forgotten; lesser distinctions of purpose and method have been subordinated to the idea of united service.

How can you help? The U. S. O. is raising approximately eleven million dollars to finance its program of leisure-time aid to the men in service. Give generously to the U. S. O.

How will the money be used? In maintaining 360 U.S.O. clubs. The government is building the club houses themselves. What is required now is money to operate them.

How and where shall you give? To the local committee that has charge of your city's part in this national drive. No matter how much or how little you feel you can give, send it today to your local chairman or to National U.S.O. Headquarters, Empire State Building, New York.

ALL NIGHT LONG... *You're Welcome*

Remember that late drive home in a blinding rain, with the gas gauge creeping toward "empty"? Remember how one service station after another was blacked-out, closed? Remember worrying about the long, wet walk home?

★ ★ ★

But that needn't happen to you this summer. Once more Texaco Dealers have pioneered! They now offer you all-night-service on every main highway in America throughout the summer touring season.

No matter how late the hour or how bad the night . . . a Texaco Dealer is ready to supply you with either of those two famous Texaco Gasolines, *Fire-Chief* or *SKY CHIEF*. He will give your motor needed protection with *Insulated* Havoline, or Texaco Motor Oil. He will clean that rain-blurred windshield, offer you the shelter and convenience of his *Registered* Rest Room, send you safely on your way. Yes! Day or night . . .

You're Welcome AT

TEXACO DEALERS

TUNE IN: "Millions for Defense" All Star Radio Program every Wed. Night —C. B. S., 9:00 EDT, 8:00 EST, 8:00 CDT, 7:00 CST, 6:00 MST, 5:00 PST.

TEXACO